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Anniversary  
Issue

Coeds Get Creative:  
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Sexcapades

Tattoo Artist  
Nikko  
Hurtado's  
Pop Shots

Pet of the Month  
Jessi June

video  
inside  
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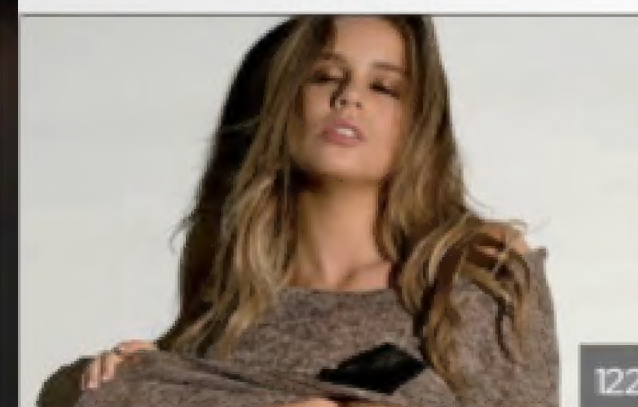
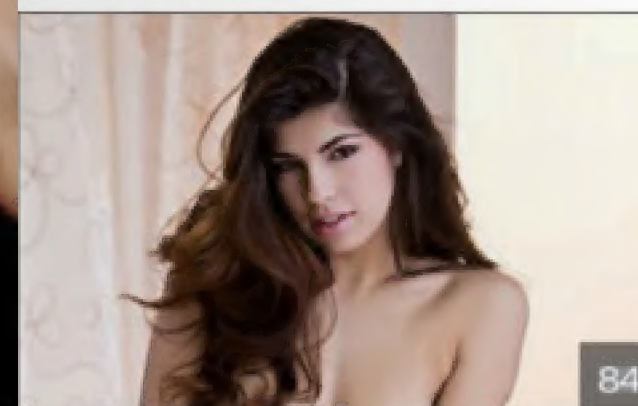
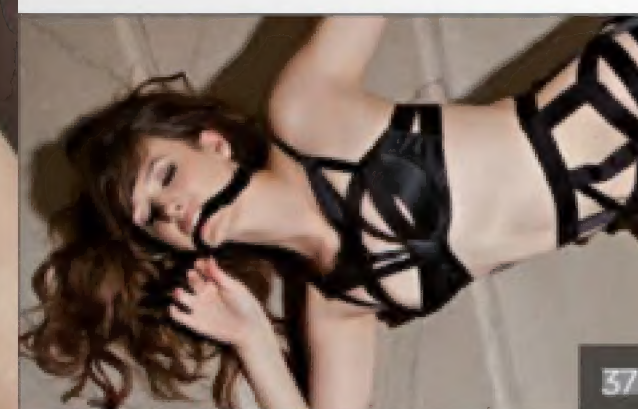
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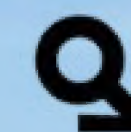
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dylan

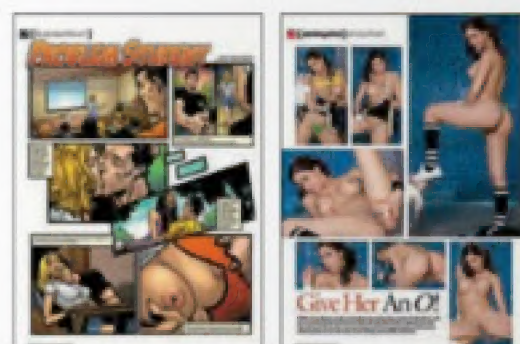
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We continue with Pop Shots—our new series of erotic photo layouts in which artists, luminaries, and cultural icons illustrate their own definition of beauty—featuring tattoo artist Nikko Hurtado.

Our Pop Shots shoot in this special Anniversary Issue was directed by tattoo artist/painter Nikko Hurtado, who chose model Tiger Kaufman as his fantasy woman. As he tells us, I look at a lot of old paintings, and you can see the women in the paintings are more curvy rather than skinny. [Tiger] reminded me of someone who would have been painted back then. I like all types of women: big, tall, small I see beauty in all of it. But I wanted to show what inspires me. That is my fantasy woman. He was certainly inspired, and I'm sure you'll appreciate the beauty and style of Hurtado's scenarios, captured by industry heavyweight photographer Holly Randall, as much as all of us

But the centerpiece of this issue, and every issue, is the beautiful girls. You get 54 pages of up-close and personal looks at six sultry sirens, from Pet of the Month Jessi June to our sapphic experimenters, Lola and Bella. Enjoy!





# WATER NYMPHS



**T**he summer was nearly over, and as I thought about heading back to college for my final year, my girlfriend called and suggested we go camping for a few days. Anita had also invited Brianna, her best friend and college roommate for the past three years, and Brianna's latest fuck-stud. I'm always up for any kind of outdoor activity that might include a chance to go skinny-dipping. Anita and Brianna both have banging bodies, and though I'd never seen Brianna naked, she always wears tight clothing to show off her figure.



The next morning, I was sitting outside with my camping gear when Brianna drove up in her SUV, with Anita riding shotgun. The current fuck-stud was noticeably absent. When I climbed into the backseat with my gear, Anita told me that Brianna and what's-his-name had parted ways—more like Brianna had dumped another one. Brianna changed boyfriends about as often as she changed her shoes, and the girl had lots and lots of shoes.

Two hours later, we'd picked out a great spot and

set up camp. We took a hike, grilled burgers and hot dogs for dinner, and played cards by the fire till late into the night. But due to the close proximity and because Brianna was alone, Anita and I did nothing more than kiss and snuggle.

In the morning, we ate cereal out of a box and hiked along a different path. We came upon a small lake, and I immediately suggested we go skinny-dipping. The girls waited till I'd stripped off my clothes, then ambushed me and pushed me into the water. Then they pulled off their T-shirts and shorts and joined me, still wearing their bras and panties. *Oh, hell no!* I thought, and told them if I was going buck-naked, they had to follow suit.

Brianna looked at Anita for guidance, and when my girlfriend smiled and popped the clasp on her bra, baring her pinup-worthy breasts, Brianna slid her panties down her long legs, revealing her clean-shaven pussy. When they both were gloriously naked, they waded toward me. I edged farther back till the water was waist-high and my rapidly rising cock was just below the surface.

As they circled me, they reminded me of a lovely pair of water nymphs, floating around and gently touching my legs and ass, while giving me fleeting glimpses of their lush breasts and curvy backsides. Anita told me to close my eyes and to keep them closed. As soon as I did, one set of lips pressed against mine while another set closed around my cock. One set sucked rhythmically on my tongue as the other worked steadily below the water's surface. Every so often, the girls would change places, sometimes sucking and licking my nipples and chest, sometimes sucking my balls. Hands found their way to my ass, and I felt a finger slip inside. It felt as if they were everywhere, constantly rubbing against me with their boobs and twats, driving me crazy with multiple sensations. Consumed with lust, all I could think about was fucking one or both of them. Finally, pushed beyond all endurance, I let out a bellow as I fell to my knees and come spouted from my dick.

Next, the girls led me toward a group of large, flat boulders. After pushing me down, they took turns sucking my spent dick back to a usable state. I wasn't surprised when Anita slid her pussy down and started to ride my cock, but when Brianna lowered her slick cunt over my lips and started making out with Anita, I almost lost my shit. Apparently, they'd been holding out on me. I felt like one lucky sexual object as the girls used me to maximize their pleasure. Soon both were gasping and moaning as they reached their orgasms nearly at the same time, with me trying my best to hold out, but losing the battle.

That night, we joined our sleeping bags together and I got to fuck both of them. And when we all got back to school and started classes again, I was with Anita, but I was also Brianna's fuck-stud for the better part of our senior year.—R.B., Maine

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Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to [ForumSubmission@ffn.com](mailto:ForumSubmission@ffn.com) or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

The Forum Challenge: Tell us your favorite sexual experience or fantasy in 140 characters at [Twitter.com/Penthouse](https://twitter.com/Penthouse), using #forum.

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REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT **FullFrontal**

# HEAT WAVE

Summer entertainment sizzles as Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller's *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For* hits screens; along with *Madden NFL 15*; *The Expendables 3*, with boxer Victor Ortiz; the DVD of *The Amazing Spider-Man 2* with Andrew Garfield; and a shockingly good new album from Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers.



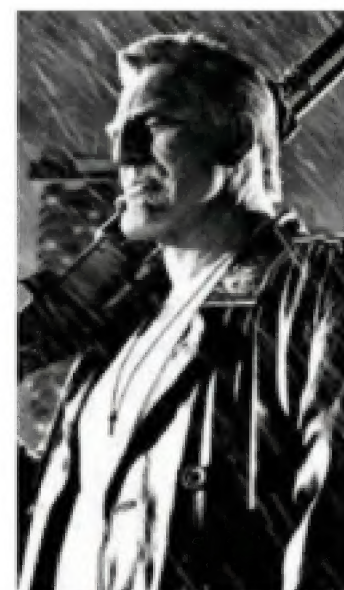




# BACK IN BLACK

Director Robert Rodriguez returns with another installment of Frank Miller's neo-noir comics franchise, *Sin City*.

Above: Jessica Alba.  
Below, clockwise from left:  
Mickey Rourke, Josh Brolin,  
and Joseph Gordon-Levitt



## SIN CITY: A DAME TO KILL FOR JESSICA ALBA, BRUCE WILLIS, MICKEY ROURKE

Robert Rodriguez, the guy behind those *Machete* movies, takes only one thing seriously: bringing to life the wildest, sexiest grind-house movies he imagined as a kid, simply because they never got made. Returning to the scene of his most violent success, Rodriguez gets the band back together for an unhinged *Sin City* installment: Willis and Rourke emerge from cold storage to grunt hard-boiled dialogue, while an impressive batch of femmes fatales—including Alba, Rosario Dawson, and Eva Green—slink into view wearing next to nothing. Truthfully, we're more excited to see the filmmaker continuing his bold experiment with black-and-white animation, turning every shot into a wall-ready work of art. Rodriguez has the blessing of original graphic-novel scribe Frank Miller, who wrote the new script and even has a co-director credit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO TORRES/DIMENSION FILMS



## LUCY SCARLETT JOHANSSON, MORGAN FREEMAN

In this sci-fi action film from writer/director Luc Besson (*The Fifth Element*), Johansson plays a Taipei club kid and drug mule who gains superpowers after ingesting a particular chemical cocktail. This might be the most redundant plotline ever, since Johansson already has superpowers: She has been bending men to her will for years, and she convincingly played an otherworldly alien in *Under the Skin* without a hint of makeup. Still, what's summer without redundancy? The trailer shows her wasting gangsters, manipulating reality as easily as tapping apps on an iPad, and patiently listening to Freeman.



## GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY CHRIS PRATT, ZO SALDANA, VIN DIESEL, BRADLEY COOPER

If you haven't been keeping up with the past six years of Marvel movies, here's a quick rundown: Robert Downey Jr. as Iron Man? Sure—loved the Sabbath song, and Downey's sardonic take on the character was fun, for the first installment. Did they really make a blockbuster featuring a Norse god? Yep, but thankfully they managed to work ScarJo into it. Now comes the ultimate offshoot, a big-budget version of Marvel's cult space adventure about interstellar oddballs. No offense to *Parks and Recreation*'s amiable Pratt, but the biggest stars here are offscreen, as Cooper voices a gun-toting raccoon and Diesel plays a walking tree. Did this film need to happen? That's highly debatable, but the producers are betting fans will embrace the silliness.



## SEX TAPE JASON SEGEL, CAMERON DIAZ

After showing chemistry in 2011's *Bad Teacher*, Segel and Diaz reunite here as a couple looking to reignite the passion in their marriage after ten years together that have yielded two kids and a downturn in the bedroom. To spice things up, they break out the camera and—wouldn't you know it—their X-rated romp ends up on the cloud for all their friends to see. First of all, if Diaz were our bed partner, we might be thinking *weekly webcast*, not some fluky, one-off accident. But leaving that—and the predictability of the premise—aside, this comedy looks to be the kind of raunchy fun that always comes along during the warm-weather months.

## REVIEW



## FRANK MICHAEL FASSBENDER, MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL, DOMINIC MONAGHAN

If you love *X-Men*'s Fassbender (or have a date who does), here's a Faustian bargain: Never once do you see the actor's face in this playful indie about a reclusive cult musician whose gimmick is wearing a papier-mâché head at all times—even in the shower. Yet Fassbender still finds a way to deliver one of his most impressive performances, animated and troubled, as an undeniably talented but damaged frontman, equal parts David Bowie and Captain Kangaroo. Based on the true tale of Britain's late Chris Sievey, *Frank* brings us into the story along with a wannabe sideman (Gleeson), scoring points at the expense of art-rock pretension. It's smart, surreal stuff. **A-**

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# THE EXPANDABLES

Victor Ortiz, a former boxing champ, plays a soldier of fortune in *The Expendables 3*, which once again ups the ante by increasing the number of action stars on-screen. With Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Harrison Ford, and Mel Gibson chewing up the scenery, Ortiz and the other supporting actors will be lucky to avoid injury from flying splinters.

By Craig Modderno

**How did you get the role in *The Expendables 3*?**

Sly had been following my boxing career for a while. His wife had also seen me on *Dancing With the Stars*. He liked my aura, apparently, and

my agent sent me an email with the details of my meeting with Sly. I go to the address where I was told to meet him, and the receptionist says he's not coming in that day. Then she tells me I parked in his space. She is rude and hassling me, so I tell her I'm really there to clean the windows. As I apologize for pulling her leg, the

casting director appears. He takes me upstairs, and a few minutes later Rocky Balboa comes up. You've got to realize, to every boxer, amateur or pro, Sly will always be Rocky. Then Sly asks me why I think I deserve

this movie role. I reply, "With all due respect, I don't think I deserve much of anything, but I'm a workhorse and I will rise to the challenge." A few questions later, he takes me into another room and he gives me a script to study.

When I return a few days later, I read to him in character, and his reactions indicate he's molding me on the spot. Then as we walk away, I tell him if I don't get the part it's no biggie, because I got to meet him and I'm going to be a champion once again. Then he says I got the part, but I should get out of his face before he changes his mind. As I leave I'm thinking, *This is what people experience when they say the words "shock and awe."*

**How competitive were the actors on-set?**

I'm not really familiar with the world of acting yet, so I didn't see any competitiveness. I saw a lot of bonding, in that everyone was quite patient and didn't get upset when someone blew a line of dialogue. Bruce Willis left the film during the shooting, but I never met him, so I don't have any inside information to share with you about that.

**Did Arnold Schwarzenegger, Harrison Ford, or Mel Gibson give you any acting advice?**

Yes. They basically told me not to be so uptight, to be less aggressive and more relaxed. A few of them had seen my fights, and once in a while, between breaks, we'd discuss boxing.

**Another one of your costars, Wesley Snipes, was recently in prison for tax fraud. Did he see any of your fights in jail?**

He and Jason Statham had seen my fights and were fans of mine. We were all like college students on campus, teasing each other as a form of bonding. Everyone in the cast teased me because I'm such a goofball. I teased Jason, who's a martial-arts champ—or so he says—about getting in the ring with me, but he said if I ever challenge him as an actor then maybe he might challenge me as a boxer. I didn't tease Wesley much because he

was the biggest action hero of them all to me: He was Blade!

**You participated in the 16th season of *Dancing With the Stars*. Why did you lose?**

[Laughs] Dancing is not an easy thing to do, especially when the whole television world is watching. It was one of the toughest experiences I've ever had. I got a lot of negative feedback from the boxing side, but a lot of positivity came from people who saw me and didn't know I was a boxer.

**You grew up in Kansas, one of four children fathered by an illegal Mexican whose departure when you were 12 resulted in your growing up in the foster-care system. [Ortiz's mother left the family for another man when Victor was 7.] How did growing up as a Hispanic in Kansas under those conditions affect your outlook on life?**

Living in Kansas gave me an edge in the sense of how I treat people. For example, in Kansas people were actual human beings, while in Hollywood they tend to forget that sometimes, and they start walking with their heads in the clouds. I don't walk around like I'm better than anyone else. In many ways, my life should or could have been a cliché of hatred and poverty, but a lot of people back then were so good to me that they more than balanced out the bad things.

**What's the state of your boxing career?**

I'm still one of the top-five-ranked boxers in the world, so I can't let that go to waste. I'll be getting into the ring soon, because the window of opportunity where my boxing skills are still special is closing rapidly.

**After you lost a controversial fight to Floyd Mayweather, he said he'd give you a rematch. Why hasn't that happened?**

When you're in the ring with somebody and you hurt them and they feel your power, it's an automatic threat. I think I'm a big threat to him. He's a smaller guy than I am. I hit hard with both hands, and I'm a southpaw, so I'm a difficult boxer to defend against. Plus, it's not the mixture you



Ortiz suited up for *The Expendables 3*

really want in a fight. I'd love to get that rematch with Floyd, but I'm not holding my breath waiting.

**What's the state of boxing today?**

It's lost a lot of luster and the audience because of the way they do things nowadays. The best don't fight the best. It's all about pay-per-view numbers—money, I guess. My career has not been about numbers, in or out of the ring. I don't turn down any fights. I don't run. I don't hide. That's why I don't have a record of being undefeated [Ortiz's record is 29 wins—with 22 knockouts—5 losses, and 2 draws]. But I'll definitely hold another welterweight title crown in the future.

**Do you still have the hunger for boxing?**

Absolutely. I was once No. 1 in my weight group, and now I'm No. 5 wanting to be No. 1 again. I truly have a hunger for fighting Mayweather again. There's not a lot I can do to taunt him into getting back in the ring with me. I wish I could. Not even offering to fight him for free could get him back in the ring with me. I only know the boxing side of Mayweather, and I'm not impressed. As a person, he's just a rude individual. **OR**



# GREAT & SMALL

This month's DVD releases include one huge superhero sequel and a few smaller, under-the-radar titles you won't want to miss.



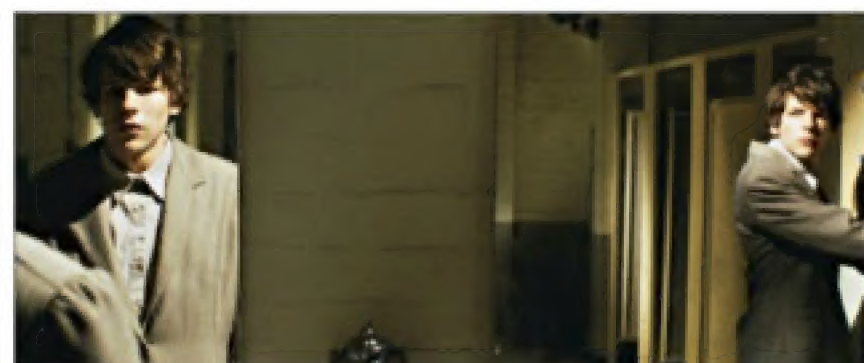
## THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 2

Do we even need to tell you this is coming out? Any self-respecting comic geek already has a copy on pre-order, but just in case you've been on a six-month unplugged sabbatical, the hugely successful sequel in the rebooted franchise is out on Blu-ray this month. If seeing Emma Stone in 3-D any time you want isn't reason enough to grab a copy, get it for the killer special effects and the usual bonus goodies, like audio commentary, deleted scenes, and storyboards. For hard-core Spidey fans, a collector's edition—packaged in a bust of new-villain-on-the-block Electro—will be available as well.



## LOCKE

With Tom Hardy in the lead role, this potentially boring movie about a construction worker doing nothing but talk on his phone became a gripping, critically acclaimed drama. Hardy plays Ivan Locke, who takes a series of life-changing phone calls while driving to London for the birth of his mistress's baby. Needless to say, the shit hits the fan in spectacular fashion. Treat your inner voyeur to the Blu-ray release, which includes a making-of featurette and audio commentary with writer/director Steven Knight.



## THE DOUBLE

If *Single White Female* and *Fight Club* had a baby, it would look something like this creepy-ass psycho-thriller. Jesse Eisenberg stars as Simon, an isolated chump with a lackluster career and nonexistent love life. Eisenberg also stars as James, Simon's look-alike coworker who slowly takes over his life. Thanks to writer/director Richard Ayoade—who's directed music videos for Vampire Weekend and Arctic Monkeys—it's a stylized, surreal take on the doppelgänger theme. And if you've ever doubted Eisenberg's ability, the dual lead role proves he has serious chops.



## BITTEN: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

Who needs another supernatural show? Um, we do, when the otherworldly lead is played by supersexy Canadian actress Laura Vandervoort. Our *Smallville* crush from back in the day when she played Supergirl stars as a werewolf who flees her pack and builds a new, normal life as a photographer in Toronto. But she's forced to get back in touch with her animal side when someone starts killing off werewolves at a rural sanctuary. The Blu-ray release features 13 uncut episodes, including footage that wasn't aired in the States.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 2) COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC. (LOCKE) LIONSGATE HOME ENTERTAINMENT (THE DOUBLE) DEAN RODGERS/MAGNOLIA PICTURES (BITTEN) SHANE MAHOOD/SFY EVERETT COLLECTION



AGENDASHOW.COM



# DO CALL IT A COMEBACK

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers make a rocking return to form on their 13th LP, *Hypnotic Eye*.



**TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS**  
*HYPNOTIC EYE*  
REPRISE  
★★★ 1/2

At this stage of the game, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are revered and respected, but you can't quite complete the alliterative trifecta with relevant. Their frontman is 63 years old, and their past two studio albums—2002's preachy *The Last DJ* and 2010's just-okay *Mojo* (which included an ill-advised foray into reggae)—didn't exactly enrich their legacy. But on their rocking, riff-heavy 13th album, *Hypnotic Eye*, they've produced a Jack Nicklaus winning the Masters at age 46 kind of moment. No joke. From the low, rumbling riff of opener "American Dream Plan B" to the bounding rhythm on "Forgotten Man" and the gutbucket blues of "Burnt Out Town," this thing never goes slack. The opening lines of album standout "You Get Me High" pretty much sum up the eyebrow-raising return to the band's *Damn the Torpedoes* era form: "I remember feeling like this/I think it was as a child/inspiration at my fingertips/imagination running wild."



**SHOVELS & ROPE**  
*SWIMMIN' TIME*  
DUALTONE MUSIC  
★★★

They take their name from a couple of items you'd find in a backyard shed, and the music this husband-and-wife duo makes has decidedly rustic, rural, and handmade qualities accented by garage-rock touches. On "Evil," the third track from their sophomore album, they set a grinding riff underneath a tale about another victim of the mortgage-bubble pop, waiting for the other shoe to drop. They occasionally blur the line between down-home and corn-pone, as on the work-song ditty "Fish Assassin," but compensate with songs like "Mary Ann & One-Eyed Dan," which has Tex-Mex horns and some terrific backing vocals that sound like they leaped off an Andrews Sisters record.



**TY SEGALL**  
*MANIPULATOR*  
DRAG CITY  
★★★ 1/2

Last year the hyper-prolific Segall produced the mournful, tuneful *Sleeper*, a mostly solo-acoustic album full of hard-strummed, rhythmic, psychedelic folk songs, then immediately followed it up by writing, playing drums, and singing lead on *Fuzz*, the explosive debut from the power trio of the same name. *Manipulator* blends sounds from both of those records, sometimes in the same tune, as on "Feel," which starts off with snaky acoustic chords then goes electric and electrifying, building to a rip-roaring guitar solo and a percussion breakdown by producer Chris Woodhouse. There's psychedelic garage rock ("The Connection Man"), paisley folk ("Don't You Want to Know? [Sue]"), and, on the acoustic afterglow of closer "Stick Around," a kind of summation of the can't-get-enough Segall ethos: "And although we have to go/you know we wanna stick around."



**SARAH JAFFE**  
*DON'T DISCONNECT*  
KIRTLAND RECORDS  
★★★ 1/2

On her third full-length, 28-year-old Texas singer/songwriter Jaffe takes E.M. Forster's stammering dictum—only connect—and rewrites it for the internet age. While sketching themes of longing, vulnerability, and self-evaluation, *Don't Disconnect* also pushes Jaffe's sound further from its conventional acoustic beginnings into more wide-ranging electro-pop territory. The centerpiece title track is a marvel of minimalism, as Jaffe and producer McKenzie Smith create a captivating atmosphere with nothing more than a handful of bass notes, some synth background, and Jaffe's voice—towering in cathedral-reverb mode. Another standout is the syncopated mid-tempo groove of "Some People Will Tell You," on which Jaffe croons, "Most people tell you they're different/Most people tell you they're onto something new/Most people try to stay positive/I do what most people do. Perhaps but not on this affecting absorbing album."

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; TY SEGALL: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; SARAH JAFFE: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

## SEPTEMBER SERENADES

For some reason, this month, more than most, inspires the songwriters.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 "September Song," Kurt Weill, recorded by Lou Reed in 1985	2 "September When It Comes," Roseanne Cash (featuring Johnny Cash), 2003	3 "Papa Was a Rolling Stone," the Temptations, 1972	4 "It's September," Johnnie Taylor, 1974	5 "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses," Jim Friedman, recorded by Harry Belafonte, 1966	6 "Back to School Again," Four Tops, 1982
7 "It Might As Well Rain Until September," Carole King, 1962	8 "Long Hard Fall," Carlene Carter, 1993	9 "Come September," Natalie Imbruglio, 2002	10 "September Gurls," Big Star, 1974	11 "It Doesn't Matter Anymore," Paul Anka, recorded by Buddy Holly, 1958	12 "See You in September," the Tempos, 1959; the Happenings, 1966	13 "My Old School," Steely Dan, 1973
14 "September Skies," the Brian Setzer Orchestra, 1994	15 "Try to Remember," Roy Orbison, 1969	16 "September Morn," Neil Diamond, 1980	17 "September in the Rain," Harry Warren and Al Dubin, recorded by dozens, including the Beatles in 1962	18 "Emaline," Ben Folds Five, 1997	19 "Pale September," Fiona Apple, 1996	20 "September Grass," James Taylor, 2002
21 "September," Earth, Wind & Fire, 1978	22 "Biko," Peter Gabriel, 1980	23 "Remember September," Belinda Carlisle, 1996	24 "Maggie May," Rod Stewart, 1971	25 "Singin' in the Rain," Arthur Freed, Nacio Herb Brown, 1929	26 "Night- swimming," R.E.M., 1993	27 "September of My Years," Frank Sinatra, 1965
28 "September When I First Met You," Barry White, 1978	29 "When the Leaves Come Falling Down," Van Morrison, 1999	30 "Wake Me Up When September Ends," Green Day, 2004				





# MADDEN 15



**EA SPORTS (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3)**

This year's chapter in the king of pigskin simulators is the most offensive yet—even if you're playing defense. Defenders attack the snap with more blitz and rushing options, giving them a head start on hikes to help lure offensive linemen away from their QB. New defensive tackles range from light roughhousing to steroid-powered bone-smashers. Opt for an aggressive defense with a showboating tackle and you might reap a fumble—or risk an injured player and lost yardage. New camera angles from the defense's perspective, meanwhile, give the *Madden* franchise itself a new perspective. Now you can lock on to a single defender and survey the onrushing offense from the field.

And while those features will charge up the series' hard-core fans, *Madden NFL 15* is friendly to first-year players, too. The rookie-tuned Skills Trainer goes beyond offering 50 new tutorials and gameplay drills; it expounds on football theory, from the function of zone defenses to

the strategic value of hot-routed receivers. New players overwhelmed by the play-calling options can turn to the crowdsourced recommendation system, which analyzes the current situation and checks for the most successful plays from millions of online games.

But the most crowd-pleasing feature here is the presentation—even spiffier than last year's debut on the next-generation systems. Six gameplay cameras capture everything from a blimp's-eye view of the field to the raw emotion on each player's face. And for once the pregame and halftime shows are worth watching. Intelligent studio commentary highlights your big gains and hardest hits. Win or lose, you're in for a good show.



**THE SIMS 4**  
**ELECTRONIC ARTS (PC)**

Sadistic players who've committed crimes against simulated humanity in past *Sims* titles (removing ladders from pools, locking Sims in walls, etc.) might need to grow a conscience before playing this. Not only are the new game's artificial life-forms smarter and more social than in past games, but they also possess a complex suite of emotions. Torture your Sims in their formative years and you might break their spirits later in life. The building interface, meanwhile, has been retooled for speed and flexibility. Construct your casa quickly by simply dragging-and-dropping rooms, or drill down for complete control over finishes and amenities. Use Create A Sim to customize every aspect of your Sim's appearance, then build a doppelgänger of your ex and let the Sim torture begin.



**MINECRAFT**  
**MOJANG (XBOX ONE, PS4, VITA)**

As anyone who's slaved away in the PC version can tell you, *Minecraft* is more than just an adventure—it's a job. Players explore a limitless land, build elaborate castles, battle monsters that want to smash those castles, and collaborate on projects with other like-minded crafters. Now, console owners with a passion for sandbox gaming can dive into the definitive *Minecraft* incarnations on the Xbox One and PS4, which deliver vastly superior pixel-based graphics than past console versions, plus a much larger world. It's not the limitless land of the PC original, but you'll find more than enough real estate to re-create your campus or town, or even the realm of Westeros from *Game of Thrones* (yes, it's been done). The smaller-in-scale Vita version, meanwhile, lets you craft from the commode.



**TROPICO 5**  
**KALYPSO MEDIA (XBOX 360, PS4, PC)**

If you think a civilization-building simulator can't be fun, you haven't played a *Tropico* title; these strategy games cast you as the dictator of your own banana republic. In this centuries-spanning sequel, you establish your tin-pot dictatorship in colonial times and foster it through to the space age. You'll establish new buildings, technologies, resources, and trade routes with neighboring islands (controlled by other players) while powering through both World Wars, the Great Depression, the Cold War, and other historical hiccups. As in past installments, you'll need to push your people to the breaking point to maximize your gross domestic product. Fortunately, your family members help you avoid open rebellion—and a "game over" message.



**GAUNTLET**  
**WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT (PC)**

Wizard, Warrior, Elf, Valkyrie—gaming's original quarter-munching quartet returns in this updated take on an epic adventure from ye olden days of greasy arcades. Playing split-screen or online, four players choose their heroes and explore dungeons teeming with classic enemies. Surprisingly, *Gauntlet* holds tight to its simple arcade roots. You won't find any deep *Diablo*-style character building or loot collecting here. Relics scattered throughout the dungeons grant your character special powers, but otherwise you'll spend the bulk of the game casting spells, hacking off limbs, or skewering enemies with arrows. That will probably make you happy if you're old enough to remember the phrase "Warrior shot the food." **A-**



READS

# FALL GUYS

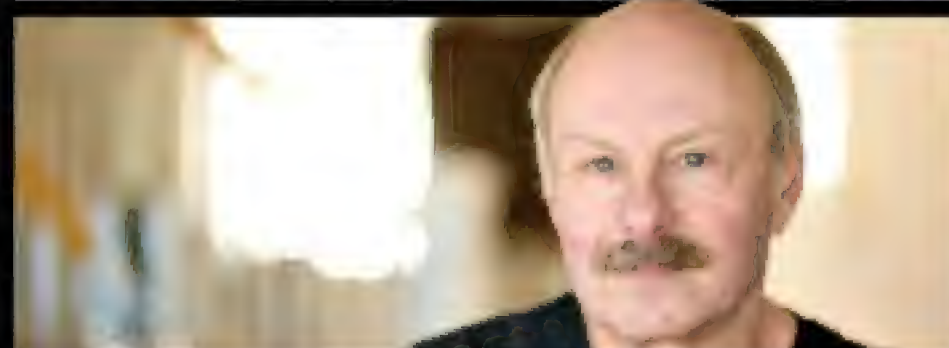
Season of Saturdays, Michael Weinreb's "history of college football in 14 games," doesn't shrink from the reality that the sport is in crisis, with no clear way forward. By John Bolster



## SEASON OF SATURDAYS: A HISTORY OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL IN 14 GAMES BY MICHAEL WEINREB

From Walter Camp to Nick Saban, from long-forgotten Yale star James J. Hogan to USC's 2005 Heisman Trophy-winner Reggie Bush, college football has always been run by hypocritical control freaks spouting hollow pieties as gospel truths, and populated by players on the take from overzealous, deep-pocketed boosters. The game is, and mostly always has been, a massive Baby Huey of revenue production plopped inappropriately onto ostensibly academic, "amateur" settings. Yet despite these flaws (and the fact that it's extremely unsafe), the sport maintains a fierce grip on our culture. In a series of essays on 14 landmark college football games stretching from 1869 to 2013, Weinreb—a committed, if highly conflicted, fan—sets out to explain why, while also sketching a history of the game.

## POSTAPOCALYPTIC EXCERPT OF THE MONTH



### FROM A HISTORY OF THE FUTURE BY JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER

Kunstler's latest, the third installment in his *World Made by Hand* series, takes place in Union Grove, a fictional town in Upstate New York, in the years following the collapse of the global economy, the end of oil, and a series of pandemics that have recast civilization with pre-Industrial Revolution levels of technology. In this scene, Brother Jobe, leader of a neo-Christian sect, hypnotizes Mandy Stokes, a woman waging a losing battle with mental illness, who has just committed an atrocity, but one that most people assume she was goaded into:

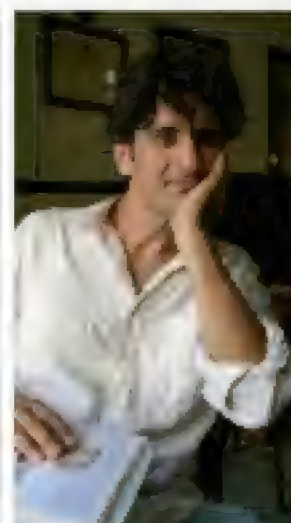
"Brother Jobe raised his right index finger to the zygomatic ridge under his right eye, took possession of her will, and entered her mind.

"He was aware right away of what a tumultuous alien environment it presented, a flashing chiaroscuro of lurid colors and many competing voices at all pitches and tones, variously mocking, accusatory, pleading, giddy, and furious, along with a cacophony of nonvocal noises—clanking machinery, raging wind, and a racket of jungle animal cries. He struggled to survey the dark interior landscape, to see past

jagged shapes and crackling dendritic bursts of light to discover the tiny distant kernel of Mandy's true persona hunched in the boggy, flashing dimness, sobbing. As he searched inside her mind, staring straight into her face, which remained otherwise motionless as if in thrall, tears formed in the corners of both her eyes, grew into droplets, and rolled down her cheeks.

"What happened tonight over there?" he said. "In your home."

"I killed them, the tiny figure communicated in a message barely discernible above the vivid din. Please help me."



### WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE METRIC SYSTEM? HOW AMERICA KEPT ITS FEET BY JOHN BEPELMANS MARCIANO

A whole generation of Americans of a certain age were prepped in elementary and junior high school for a shift from the patchwork U.S. system of measurement to the more uniform and logical metric system. The entire country was going metric, they were told. Then, in the early 1980s, the initiative just ... went away. In relatively breezy fashion, while giving life to some of the flesh-and-blood dramas behind the scenes, Marciano explains how that happened, while also detailing the history of measurement systems, including calendars, and the conditions that gave rise to the metric system in post-revolutionary France.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT TO BOTTOM RIGHT) HEATHER WARWICK, CHARLIE SAMUELS, AND ROMANE CHALFANT



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# CLASS ACTS

Become master of the university with these back-to-college essentials.

By Crispin Boyer

## ■ N20p Chromebook

Lenovo • \$329

Lenovo's line of Google-powered Chromebooks was always designed with students in mind, but the new N20p is a step up—a proper multimedia laptop—complete with a keyboard that converts into a stand when you want to watch a movie. Like all Chromebooks, the N20p relies mostly on the cloud for software and storage, boots up in an instant, and has a lengthy battery life (up to eight hours). Students who need to collaborate can share their Chromebook with others through a guest account, or they can go rogue and work offline on Google docs. The 11.6-inch touch screen supports ten-finger input for games, and its 1,366-by-768-pixel resolution is more than sharp enough for web browsing, watching movies, and cramming for finals without eyestrain.







## ■ WRT1900AC wireless router

Linksys • \$280

Linksys's WRT54G router didn't look like much when it launched in 2002, but the little blue box has become a classic of industrial form and networking function. (Chances are good it was your first wireless router.) With this successor, Linksys maintains the open-source flexibility that made the original such a hit with computer-science majors while keeping network setup simple enough for the jocks to figure out. The router itself reaches new heights of hardware power (it packs a dual-core 1.2-gigahertz processor and 128 megabytes of flash memory to handle multiple devices) and networking performance. Two extra antennae sprout from the top of the updated blue-and-black design, boosting the range to every dank nook of your frat house. Fewer routers offer greater reach.



## ■ Awake & Alert LED bulb

Definity Digital • \$70

Students seeking a concentration-boosting alternative to Ritalin should run toward this light, which screws into any standard lamp or light fixture and gives off a healthy glow of blue-enriched white light. It serves as a substitute for the daylight that so many dorm dwellers miss while holed up indoors. Sleep researchers claim the light boosts energy and alertness while enhancing performance for activities that require some brainpower. The light also helps northerners deal with seasonal-affective disorder during the snowy months and can promote better sleep by resetting your normal day-and-night cycle.



## ■ Flexible LED desk lamp

Leviton • \$75

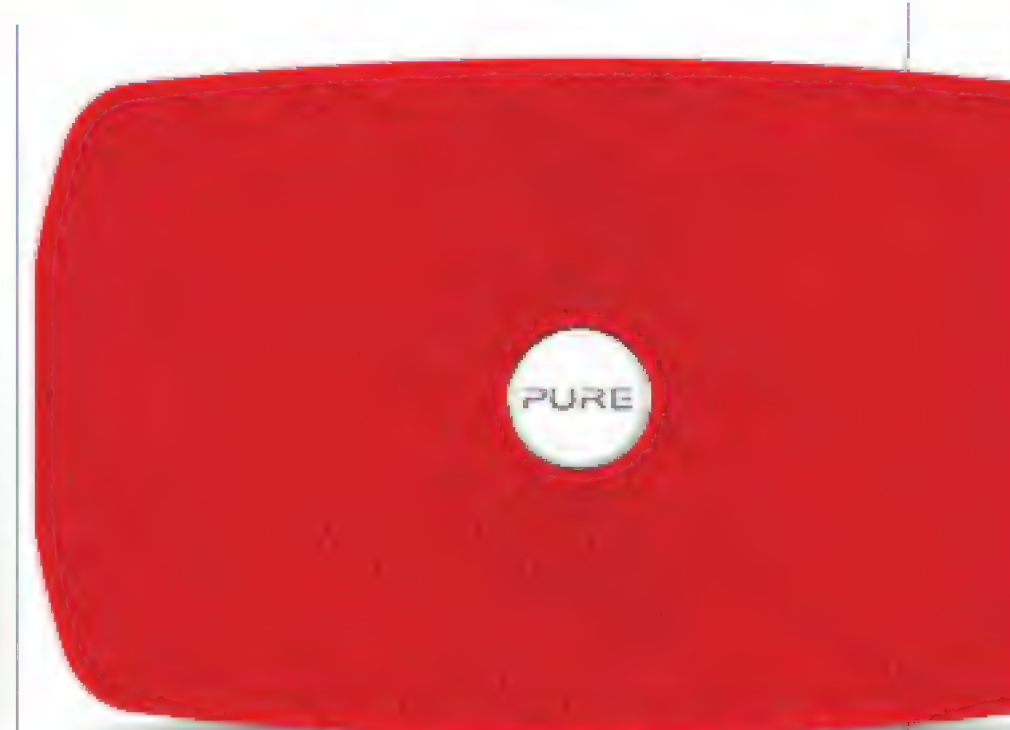
Space is a priceless commodity in any dorm or frat bedroom, so savvy students seek decor that does double or triple duty. This silver desk lamp is more than just a sleek, flexible study light. A five-volt USB port at the back charges smartphones, cameras, and other gadgets. The lamp itself is programmed with five brightness levels, from romantic mood lighting to a 3,000-lux shop light, activated via a fancy touch-sensitive power button. Even better, the LED bulb consumes just eight watts and lasts 40,000 hours, so you might actually buy one for posterity's sake before the bulb blows the fuse.



## ■ BotVac 70e

Neato • \$480

Housecleaning falls low on the typical college student's list of priorities—well below binge partying, beer ponging, date chasing, and (oh, right) schoolwork. That's why this 'bot is R2-D2 to your C-3PO. Its "BotVision" sensor scans your dorm room or apartment and maps out an efficient course of cleaning rather than just randomly bumping into walls. Its roller brush and dirt bin are 50 percent larger than the competition's, too, helping it slurp up more dirt while vacuuming right to the wall with its smaller side brush. A scheduler lets you program it to do its thing while you're away at class. Best of all, its sub-\$500 price means you won't need to take out a second student loan to avoid living in a pigsty.



## ■ Jongo wireless multiroom speakers


Pure • \$150 to \$350, depending on speaker size

Crank the tunes in your room, on your dorm floor, or throughout the entire frat house with this expandable line of wireless speakers. Budget-conscious dorm-dwellers can start small with the T2, a solid performer just big enough for the bedroom. Roommates can pony up for the slightly larger T4 and add a second speaker for stereo sound. The T6—the big daddy of the line—has enough power to fill the dorm's media room. Or stick with the rechargeable S3 model and carry your music from room to room. All speakers link via Wi-Fi or Bluetooth to your device of choice, letting you sync them all to your library or your favorite music-streaming apps.



## ■ Bordo 6000 folding bicycle lock

ABUS • \$129

Bicycles are hot commodities in college towns, which means they're likely to end up as hot merchandise, too. Protect your pedal-powered workhorse with a lock that's both easy to carry and nearly impossible to jimmy. Unlike bulky U-locks that dangle from your frame and barely fit in your waistband, the Bordo system compresses into a pocket-friendly shape. The five-millimeter bars are forged from hardened steel, linked with durable rivets, and covered with a special soft coating that protects your bike's paint job. The lock cylinder is resistant to picking, so at the end of the day you can feel confident your bike will be right where you left it. 



# Back to Cool

**Toyota pumps new life into its iconic sedan, and creates a blank canvas for tuners.**

**By Bill Heald**

**W**e'd all like to spend our driving days behind the wheel of something deliciously exotic—preferably a car with immense power, gorgeous lines, and a cabin like the library at the Explorer's Club. Truth be told, such precious metal can cost more than the asking price of a house, so we often have to score transportation that's a bit more attainable, at least until our ship comes in. The great news is, there's no class of auto that's improved more and delivered more technological bang for the buck than the compact genre. The fact that tuners have discovered that these pint-size platforms can be tweaked and customized (sometimes to extreme degrees) while still delivering economical operation just adds to the allure.

In the compact world, the Toyota Corolla has not only been a mainstay on the American road for decades, but it's also the most popular car model on the planet, according to the latest worldwide registration data. One year after a slick concept car was revealed at auto shows around the globe, the all-new Corolla has been

launched as a surprisingly similar production version. The venerable sedan has been updated with more contemporary body styling, and every aspect of the car has been improved, polished, and updated. This includes the new S model, which has more of a sporting edge that is ideally suited not just for daily transportation, but also serves as a canvas to tailor its personality to your own. And it's loaded with the latest phone interface and streaming technology so you can dial in the infotainment media of your choice.

The new front-drive S is riding on a longer, 106.3-inch wheelbase; the addition of nearly four inches enhances both stability and backseat legroom. It's powered by a spunky inline four with 132 horsepower and either a six-speed manual or an all-new Continuously Variable

Transmission (CVT). The latter is a very sophisticated unit and a first for the Corolla range, designated by CVTi-S with the *I* standing for *intelligent* and *S* for *shift*. This versatile gearbox is smooth in normal operation and very efficient when it comes to squeezing every mile possible from a gallon of gas. But engage the manual mode, and the transmission changes from a seamless unit with no set ratios to a seven-speed gearbox with paddle shifters on the wheel and a more sporting personality.

This newfound performance demeanor continues with a selectable Sport mode, described by Toyota as not a track-focused mode, but rather a transmission setting that, along with unique electric power-steering programming, helps create a sportier driving sensation during normal road and freeway driving. This is further enhanced by the all-new chassis with a unibody design that uses the latest in high-strength, lightweight steel for a rigid platform to mount the newly tuned (read: more responsive) suspension components. Even with the stronger construction, the Corolla remains a very lithe car, with all models having a curb weight of less than 2,900 pounds. Again, this aids not only handling, but fuel economy as well, all while creating a quieter, more solid cabin.

Inside, the Corolla is quite contemporary, and our S was equipped with SofTex upholstery that feels a lot like leather, and is robust enough to withstand daily abuse without complaint. Also onboard is Toyota's latest version of Entune, which not only syncs your smartphone effortlessly via Bluetooth, but also includes an App Suite that lets you access popular services like iHeartRadio, Bing, MovieTickets, OpenTable, Pandora, and more.

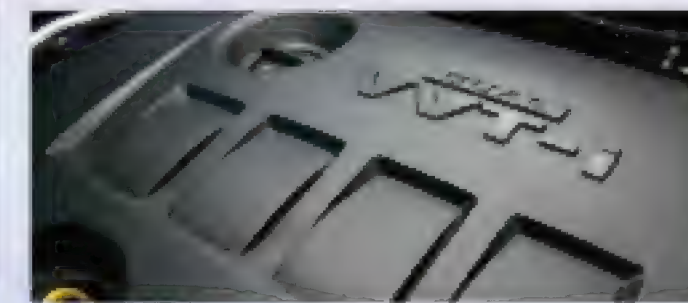
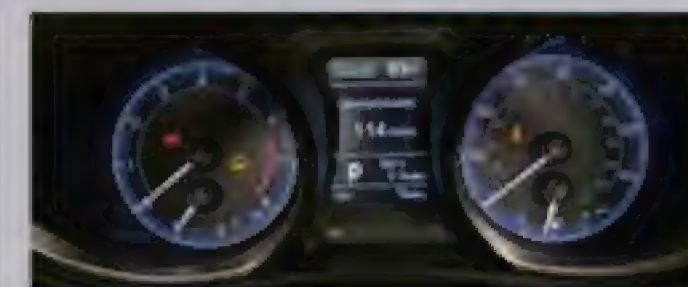
The real fun begins when you start to add your own signature, with both Toyota and aftermarket companies offering a huge assortment of custom accessories and other modifications to make this economical automobile into something beautifully unique that expresses your taste. Best of all, even unadorned, the new Corolla S is a solid value that effortlessly gets you to work or school on time and serves as a peerless partner for extracurricular activities. **DT**

## SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	1.8-liter inline four
Power	132 horsepower
Torque	128 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual or CVTi-S
Front tires	215/45 R17
Rear tires	215/45 R17
Curb weight	CVTi-S: 2,865 pounds

## PERFORMANCE

0-60	9.13 seconds
Top speed	112 mph
Fuel capacity	13.2 gallons
EPA mpg	29 city/37 highway
Price as tested	\$23,570





# KICKIN' IT OLD SCHOOL

Leave the scooter home with your high school memorabilia. It's time to upgrade to a motorcycle.

By Bill Heald



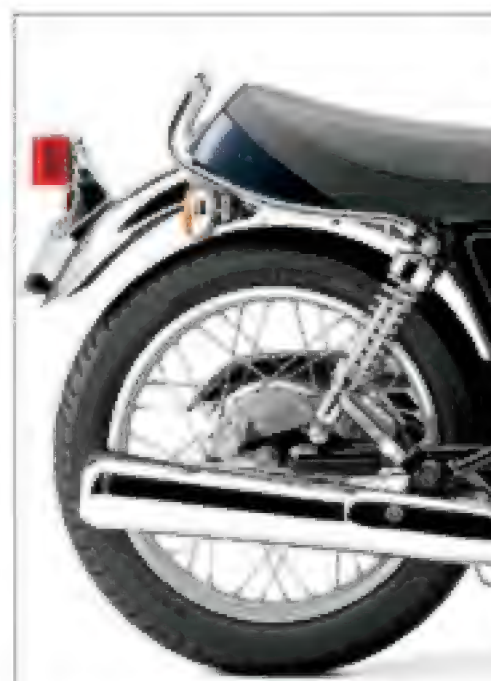
**A**s remarkable as the technological revolution has been the past decade or two, there are some downsides. True, on the motorcycle front we've seen great advancements with things like ABS brakes, traction control, rider-selectable performance modes, onboard GPS units, and sound systems on tour bikes that rival some autos in terms of features. Though these innovations are great, we've been losing something in the process: simplicity.

One of the great things about motorcycles in the past was, as fairly straightforward machines, they were really easy to live with. From minimal instrumentation that told you only what you needed to know to a fully exposed engine and drivetrain for simplified maintenance, this was transportation for the purist. When you throw in a low price of admission, fantastic fuel economy, and the ability to be parked almost anywhere, a lightweight, low-displacement motorcycle was a superior choice for getting around in congested urban or campus environments. Even scooters had all that bodywork to deal with and a profound lack of real muscle when it was time to go. The problem has been that the smaller motorcycles have been disappearing as heavyweight cruisers and time-warping sport bikes have become the fashion. Fortunately, companies are starting to look to the past to retrieve something that's been lost over the years, and have graced us with the likes of the new SR400.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Air-cooled single
Bore x stroke	87mm x 62.7mm
Displacement	399 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Transistor controlled
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	Telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Twin coil-over shocks, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 268mm disc
Rear brake	150mm drum
Front tire	90/100-18
Rear tire	100/90-18
Fuel capacity	3.2 gallons
Wheelbase	55.5 inches
Seat height	30.9 inches
Curb weight	384 pounds
Base price	\$5,990

Behold a true elemental machine that celebrates the roots of minimalist motorcycling in these tech-heavy times. Powered by an air-cooled single, the SR has a *thump-thump* cadence that's become as rare on our streets as whitewall tires. Yet this is a contemporary mill, with Yamaha's excellent fuel injection for instant response and stout, reliable construction. With a nod to both tradition and practicality, there's no electric starter. Instead, there's a good ol' kick-starter with a handlebar-mounted compression release for easy getaways. As cool as jumping on the thing Brando-style is, it also makes perfect sense, because this is an ultrareliable way to fire the beast up; it also allows for far less complexity and weight.

Speaking of mass, this is an amazingly light machine that tips the scales at well under 400 pounds, and it's wonderfully skinny and can squeeze through urban canyons that would be a problem for a big hunk of iron to negotiate. A relaxed upright riding position will keep you comfortable all day, which is good, because with fuel economy approaching 70 miles per gallon, you won't be stopping to gas up too often. And like all great motorcycles, the SR400 is just screaming to be customized, so you can turn it into a motorized version of your favorite pair of jeans. **OT**





# BORN-AGAIN VIRGIN

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal with not only failing to pick up the freshmen 15, but striking out completely.

Illustration by Celia Calle

*I just finished my freshman year of college, and for the most part it was the most amazing year of my life. I'm tight with a really great group of friends, I passed all my classes for the first time in my life, and I took some insane road trips to places I never imagined I'd end up.*

*Here's the problem: I'm back home with all my high school buddies, who have also been away at school. We're all bragging about the things we did, or, more often than not, all the girls we did. Well, everyone except me. I wasn't a virgin when I arrived on campus, but I didn't have sex with anyone at school, although I hooked up with plenty of girls for heavy-duty make-out sessions. (I got laid more at home during Christmas break.)*

*I haven't told any of my friends at home or school because I'm kind of embarrassed. Am I just being paranoid about my lack of freshman-year fucking? How long should it take to get laid at school?*



**E**very day, I wish I could go back to college, and it's got nothing to do with the possibility of constant pussy. My life now is spent jumping from meeting to meeting, event to event, bar to bar, and bed to bed. Those last parts ain't half bad, but I miss having a class at ten in the morning, another at three in the afternoon, and being able to say—with a straight face—"I've got so much shit to do today!"

So you didn't get laid at college this year. Stranger things have happened. If it makes you feel better, about half the guys at your school didn't get laid this year. You know that bigmouth in your intro to economics class who scored perfectly on every exam didn't score any vagina unless he traded test answers for twat. Your pals at home didn't do half of what they're going on about either. Feel free to lie to them as much as they've been lying to you. As far as they know, you nailed an entire sorority house.

When you're back at school, back off. Don't be in a rush to get screwed. Women smell desperation on a guy, and they never respond favorably. You've already done a ton of legwork on the women on campus, and they'll be more comfortable around you for it. Comfort equals cock-touching. Plus, a whole gaggle of incoming freshmen will be itching to cut loose with an "upperclassman."

Oh, and December. You have until December to get laid. If not, transfer to another school.

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# Lager's New Look

**By adding heaps of bitter, aromatic hops to crisp lagers, brewers have created beer's hottest new hybrid: the India pale lager.**

**By Joshua M. Bernstein**

Whenever I dine at an old-school Chinese restaurant, my favorite part of the meal is the fortune cookie. I smack the confection with my fist and, sifting through the crumbs, snag the slip inscribed with a saying like, "You will have great success," or "Now is the time to try something new." Then I add "between the sheets" to the fortune's end.

Brewers are not so dissimilar. With bitter IPAs the undisputed king of craft beer, breweries have scrambled to add hops to nearly every conceivable style. Red ale? Now it's a red IPA! Witbier? Wrong. That's a white IPA. Stout? Sorry, that's a black IPA. But the latest style to get the between-the-sheets treatment is also the most unlikely: the much-maligned, oft-overlooked lager.

When craft brewers started battling Big Beer in the early eighties, they cranked out inky stouts, well-bittered IPAs, and strapping barley wines. Bland lagers and pilsners, which dominated the market, were radioactive. To compete with Bud, Miller, and Coors, you needed to brew

beer packed with flavor. But as the States' beer scene has matured, craft breweries have begun returning to lagers—for a very good reason.

A lengthy stint of cold fermentation gives lagers (*lagern* means "to rest" in German) a crisp, delicate profile, making them as refreshing as a cold shower come summer. Heck, it's no wonder Coors Light is sold by the case. Instead of, say, fashioning a crafty spin on Miller Lite, brewers are imbuing lagers with gobs of hops—often enough to rival the most aromatic IPAs. Hence, the hybrid's name is a no-brainer: India pale lager. You can call it IPL.

Just don't call the beer a gimmick; lager yeast is actually beneficial for formulating hoppy beer. Typically, ale yeasts throw off fruity notes, which can mask hops' singular flavors and aromas. With lager yeast, brewers can formulate a brisk platform that allows hops to take center stage. "We

wanted to create a beer that was hop-forward, with a really clean finish," says Magic Hat head brewer Chris Rockwood, who devised the Dream Machine IPL. "The consumer is always eager for a new hop experience."

That would explain why the style-straddler has quickly gone from obscurity to ubiquity. Last year, Sam Adams rolled out the fruity Double Agent IPL, which relies on of-the-moment hop varieties including tropical Citra. In Massachusetts, lager-focused Jack's Abby Brewing makes the citrusy and appealingly bitter Hoponious Union, while San Diego's Ballast Point Brewing Company does the piney Fathom India Pale Lager. And Portland, Oregon's, Base Camp Brewing has made the floral, lightly oaky In-Tents India Pale Lager its flagship beer.

Thirsty yet? Try one of these IPLs. We guarantee they'll bring you plenty of cold comfort. **OT**



## Five to Try

### Magic Hat Dream Machine IPL

For the newest addition to its year-round lineup, the Vermont brewery dialed up the hazy-gold Dream Machine, a zesty, herbal IPL propped up by a gently malty backbone. The moderate 11.4 proof means you should have more than one.

### Pyramid IPL

If you put a Northwest-style IPA and a Czech pilsner in a blender, you might just come up with this smooth and lovely IPL. Amarillo and Centennial hops supply a citrusy profile, which is complemented by a light sweetness and snappy finish.

### Otter Creek Citra Mantra IPL

Citra hops take a star turn in this recently released IPL, giving the cloudy golden beer a pungent profile straight out of the tropics: mango, pineapple, and papaya. This is one Mantra worth repeating.

### Ballast Point Fathom IPL

San Diego's Ballast Point makes some of America's finest hoppy beers. So it makes sense that the company applied the template for a West Coast IPA (read: loads of citrus and pine) to this clean-drinking lager with a nice bitter bite.

### Samuel Adams Double Agent IPL

Given the brewery's track record with lagers, it's no wonder Sam Adams decided to take the leap into the IPL category. Smooth, crisp Double Agent offers up an aromatic smorgasbord of pine, grapefruit, and tropical fruit.

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## CALLING THE SHOTS

We've invited a select group of transcendent artists, luminaries, and cultural icons to share their definition of what makes a woman beautiful. This month belongs to tattoo artist extraordinaire/painter Nikko Hurtado.

Interview by Raphie Aronowitz

For the past five decades, *Penthouse* has been discovering and photographing the hottest women in the world. Now, to help celebrate our 50th brand anniversary, we're sharing that opportunity with a number of notable guests. The assignment is straightforward, but far from simple: create and direct a photo shoot that represents their unique vision of what makes a woman *hot*. We're calling it Pop Shots.

We've put together a list of people who stand at the center of the pop-culture landscape, and this month our guest art director is tattoo artist/painter Nikko Hurtado, who worked with photographer Holly Randall to create his vision.





Hurtado has been expressing himself through art since childhood and started studying seriously at 16. Later, after working construction for three years, Hurtado visited a buddy who was working as a tattoo artist and accepted an apprenticeship. Just a year after that, a client entered a Batman color portrait Hurtado had done in the Pomona Tattoo Portrait Contest and it won first place. The image went viral in the tattoo community (we're talking pre-Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram), and Hurtado's rep was made.

Hurtado has tattooed plenty of celebrities—from Drake, Fred Durst, Brandon Boyd, and Andrew W.K. to Jenna Jameson, Jesse James, and Kat Von D—and appeared on *LA Ink*, *Tattoo Wars*, *Tori & Dean*, and *Ink Master*. Since 2009, he's been working out of his own Black Anchor Collective tattoo studio, and now he's expanded that brand, with its ubiquitous black anchor—a nod to the classic tattoo image—into a product line. But he pours himself into his oil paintings, many of which can be seen in these photos, and last year he had his first solo show. This is a man who understands beauty, style, and the creative spirit; who captures images on canvas and on skin that transform blank slates into gorgeous expressions of self ... and now he's done it in photographs.

**Well, I guess we should just jump right into it. You get a call from *Penthouse* giving you license to produce a shoot based entirely on what you think makes a girl hot. Where do you even start?**  
I've been tattooing for 13 years, and

*"I figured, Why not do a take on paintings I've seen?... I think that a woman's figure is sexy and that art is sexy. When I see beautiful paintings of beautiful women ... to me, that's just it."*







through tattooing I started painting, because that was the evolution of me growing as an artist—trying to do more and learn more. My favorite period to paint is Baroque, so I figured, *Why not do a take on the paintings I've seen from the past?* I know that this is all about what I feel is sexy. I think that a woman's figure is sexy and that art is sexy. When I see beautiful paintings of beautiful women ... to me, that's just it.

**What exactly were you going for when you chose the model, Tiger Kaufman?**

I was looking for someone who was natural and pretty normal. I wasn't looking for someone who was superfit or who'd had a lot of plastic surgery. I just wanted someone with a nice physique, curvy, and just a more average kind of woman. I like that. I like a woman who has a normal body. I'm not into the whole, you know, "adjustments."

**And what was it about her that jumped out at you?**

She was soft. I look at a lot of old paintings, and you can see the women in the paintings are more curvy rather than skinny. She reminded me of someone who would have been painted back then. I like all types of women: big, tall, small—I see beauty in all of it. But I wanted to show what inspires me. That is my fantasy woman.

**It surprised me that you picked a girl who didn't have tattoos.**

I hate to see bad tattoos on beautiful women. I feel bad, like they did themselves an injustice. I love women with tattoos. But a lot of women who are heavily tattooed don't have the best tattoos, and it's just unfortunate. Beautiful women tend to get most of their tattoos for free, and free tattoos don't always turn out to be the best tattoos. The sexiest thing for me as a tattooer is to have a blank canvas: someone who would allow me to do something beautiful on them and take a large space that is uninterrupted. I think that's why someone with no tattoos is my ideal.

**Does that tie in to why your pictures are more suggestive than explicit? It's more about what's not there versus what is there?**

I like not knowing everything. For me, it's the hunt more than the kill. I think it's sexy to not get it all. It's the glimpses of a woman that drive me wild. When it's too easy, I just don't





enjoy it. I need a little bit of a chase.

**It's got to be impossible to experience a "chase" when you spend the day telling a hot girl what to do and how to do it.**

She was very modest. Every time we stopped shooting, she would get dressed. To me, that's awesome. To me, that's sexy. She was proud to be naked—she was proud of her body and proud of herself—but at the same time, she had a little modesty, so it was good.

**So there was more to it than just a fantasy model and an inspiring backdrop?**

I really need an intelligent person. That's the most important thing. I spend time with people every day. I tattoo a lot of women who are beautiful. But sometimes I think, *You're so beautiful, but I can never spend time with you because there's no substance.* I like substance. I like conversation.

**Do you have a favorite body part that you were trying to highlight?**

What's weird is that during the photo shoot I realized that I like necks. I like a slender neck. Weird, right?

**Um ...**

I like the whole body, of course. I like the hips. But there's something about the neck ... the neck and shoulders. I don't know. I have no idea.

**Is that your favorite body part to tattoo?**

Not at all. Tattooing is different. I want the easiest body part: the arm or the leg. Something simple.

"First and foremost, I'm a tattooer.... It's my heart and soul, and I'm grateful for everything tattooing has brought me. But ... I tattoo for you.... Painting is for me. It's a release."







**Pop Shots is an interesting exercise because it forces you to think about the things that you normally feel but don't analyze. Was there anything about this process that surprised you?**

I'm on a constant discovery. As an artist, I have to be honest with myself. Trying to find out who I am is the process of the rest of my life, so I am trying to be really in touch with my emotions and my feelings. I'm trying to not shy away from those things. The thing I learned the most from this process is being able to step away. Watching the photographer do her work, it was really inspiring.

**How does the finished product stack up to the vision in your head?**

I think that, like everyone, I have a dark and a light side. I think that the pictures have the balance of light and dark in them and feel more like me because I have both. The contrast in the photos is what I wanted because I feel that I need a full range to represent me.

**Do you have a favorite photo?**

There was one photo in particular with her lying down as if I was going to draw her. To have a woman who's lying there, and hopefully articulate and intelligent—you can just sit there and spend hours painting her. That picture reminds me of an old painting. And it sparks up a lot of different ideas and emotions. When I go to a museum, I sometimes feel overwhelmed with the level of the artist's ability, but I'm also overwhelmed with the amount of sadness that I feel, because these people most likely died without accomplishing everything they wanted to as an artist. They were on such a chase. I feel the same thing when I look at [these photos].

**How so?**

There are so many emotions that come up: *You're self-destructive*, and stuff like that. *Putting too much pressure on yourself*. You're looking at the picture from where I'm sitting. I'm giving people a window into what I see and what I do on a regular basis. With this photo, it has my paintings in the background. This photo is just one story, one day in our lives: the story of our photo shoot. But all of these individual pieces in the background have their own story, and each represents a different time in my life. This one photo encompasses more of me







“[My favorite photo is of] her lying down as if I was going to draw her. To have a woman who’s lying there, and hopefully articulate and intelligent—you can just sit there and spend hours painting her.”

than one single piece of my artwork because it’s a collection of so many of my stories.

**Could that be another reason why your creative choices for Pop Shots were such a departure from who you’re perceived to be as a tattooer? You wanted to share a deeper story?** First and foremost, I’m a tattooer. That’s what I am. It’s my heart and soul, and I’m grateful for everything tattooing has brought me. But what I need right now is to paint. I’ve been working so much lately and have been pulled in a lot of different directions. I put a lot of pressure on myself, but that’s because of how my tattoos affect others. I tattoo for you. I do my work for you. Tattooing is as honest and as truthful as it gets. If you put a line down and it’s wrong, people will know it ... or the tattooer will know it. If you blow it out and mess up a tattoo, you can’t change it.

**But painting ...** But painting is for me. It’s a release.

**How does a photo shoot stack up against painting? Was this a release for you, or was it just more pressure?** The photo shoot was a release for me. It’s a whole different avenue, and a way to express myself to a large audience. Anything that can help me put my soul into something, something I can look at, that’s what makes me happy. ☺

SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).





By Jennifer Peters

W

shooting at Fort Hood, the second such attack in the past few years, or the September 2013 shooting at the Washington Navy Yard—the first thing many media outlets speculate about is whether or not the shooter suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder or another mental illness. *That* story grabs headlines. “The media bombards people with stories of PTSD and all the horrible events that made these people shells of what they used to be,” says Army veteran Justin Tressler. “Unless you start looking at veteran-specific organizations like the VFW, the American Legion, or Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, you won’t hear the good stories.”

time knew of someone who'd returned from one of the World Wars "shell-shocked," haunted by combat memories of what they'd seen or done, even then it wasn't a new phenomenon. But the "damaged goods" storyline began in earnest after the Vietnam War. Mental-health professionals then worried about the effects of war on the men who'd served, with noted psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton warning that the average veteran "returns as a tainted intruder ... likely to seek continuing outlets for a pattern of violence to which they have become habituated." Films such as *Taxi Driver* and *Rambo* perpetuated the myth that Vietnam vets were ticking time bombs.

Public opinion about veterans and active members of the armed forces is considerably higher today than it was in the seventies, when this magazine was one of the only media

outlets speaking up for Vietnam vets, but all too often, modern vets are being painted with the same damaged-goods brush. Air Force vet Will Simmons, who suffers from post-traumatic stress, says, "The Navy Yard shooter, the first friggin' thing [the media] came out with was 'possible PTSD veteran,' so that's what sticks in people's heads. People keep seeing [stories like that], and, unfortunately, they don't take the time to research and read and educate themselves on what's really going on and what PTSD is really all about. They think of the 'damaged goods' veteran, that a veteran who's been to war has PTSD, is prone to violence, and is going to do something like that."

Every day, veterans must prove that they don't fit a litany of stereotypes that negative news stories have placed on them. Army vet Matt Selvage can list dozens of mis-

perceptions people have about veterans—everything from believing that all vets are crazy and ready to snap, to thinking they're all uneducated and have no skills outside fighting wars, to believing that all veterans have a sense of entitlement and feel society owes them something. "These are conversations that [soldiers] have all the time," he tells us. "We try to figure out how to help other people with these issues, and how to get past them."

The average person has no way of knowing if those attention-getting headlines are accurate. According to a study by the Pew Research Center, 84 percent of modern-era veterans think the general public has little or no understanding of the problems they face—and 71 percent of the public agrees. "There's a certain amount of intentional ignorance that a lot of people have about this stuff," explains Wes Bonnheim, who left the Army—where he served in a counter-narcotics unit in Central and South America—in 2003, when the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan were still in their infancy. Bonnheim says vets who served with him have faced their own difficulties, the primary one being that a lot of civilians don't understand what they did—or that they actually served—since they never deployed to Iraq or Afghanistan. "Whether you have good or bad stereotypes about veterans, they can lead to expectations that the veteran can't live up to."

Yes, even positive stereotypes can be difficult for vets to deal with. In fact, constantly being thanked, many vets agree, can be grating—and that's not why they signed up to serve. "What I wanted to do was not some great heroic thing or anything like that, it's just what I felt was necessary to do," Simmons says. "To have people feel like you signed up just for [the thanks], it creates almost a sort of resentment. It's like, *I didn't do this so people would thank me or I'd get a military discount or stuff like that.* I think a lot of vets feel like, *It's just a job, let's just press on and keep moving forward.* I do appreciate the support, but I'm still just trucking along doing my thing. I didn't do it because I wanted thank-yous or accolades or anything else."

Some veterans worry that more positive ideas about veterans are harmful to the vet community at large. "Some people idealize and idolize anyone who's ever put on a uniform," Tressler says. "Not everybody has



earned that respect." He and Simmons both fear that blanket positivity can result in further issues for veterans, with some feeling the need to lie in order to live up to the hype, or having a hard time coping with the fact that they don't feel as if they're the heroes the media has suggested they should be. "I think you've got some vets who—and I hate saying this—will embellish what they did to fulfill that stereotype and perception that they're combat-hardened," Simmons says.

Navy vet/model Kelli Serio has dealt with her share of people who worry there's "something wrong" with her because of her service, but she also has the more individualized issue of dealing with people who don't even believe she served, despite two tours to the Persian Gulf on the *USS Ronald Reagan*. She says, "If I'm at a modeling job and people find out that I was in the military, they look at me and ask, 'You were in the military?' Like, am I supposed to look more butch? It even affects me getting jobs. I'll get cast in things as the military wife, never the soldier or female vet, because people

**The average person has no way of knowing if those attention-getting negative headlines about vets suffering from PTSD are accurate.**




think, *You couldn't be in the military; you don't look like a boy. I've heard that so many times.*"

What all these vets agree on is, these preconceptions—and, often, misconceptions—need to end. Tressler, who has a rockabilly look, is covered in tattoos, and has sported a Mohawk, says he deals with people making enough assumptions about him as it is. "I would love to get to a place where people who hear 'vet' don't automatically assume anything," he says. "I wish hearing it would instead help them strike up a conversation, I'd like them to do research and learn the truth and then form their own opinions."

"Not everybody can be a journalist, but that's how you have to look at it," Salvage suggests. "Even then, unless you talk to the guy who was there, it's all a matter of perspective, and no one sees things exactly the same as you do."

"We need to educate people," he concludes. "Instead of getting upset [about the stereotypes], we need to sit down and talk with people and help change their perception." **O+**





# GETTING GRAPHIC

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## MEN'S HEALTH AND FITNESS GET RIPPED IN YOUR DORM ROOM

If you want to get some ass, you have to get *your* ass in shape.

By Joe Vennare  
Illustrations by Chris Philpot

**S**ay good-bye to the girls in bikinis, beach volleyball, and drinking beer in the sand. Say hello to your college campus, your dorm room, and the library. It's time to get serious about your studies, right? Right. Who are we kidding? The start of the semester is like coed Christmas. Everywhere you look there are beautiful teens and twentysomethings strutting their stuff. It's just like the beach—minus the sand, plus the frat parties. Hell, there's even a chance that the sand will reappear at Friday's beach-themed party. Does it get any better than this?

Well, yes, it does. Think how much better this scenario gets when one of these lovelies actually speaks to you. Better yet, what if one actually *touched* you? Of course, there's absolutely zero chance of a sexual encounter occurring when all you do is smoke weed and play *Call of Duty*.

You have to step up your game. The only chance you have of getting some ass is if you get *your* ass in shape, which means you have to start exercising. Yeah, we know, you don't have the time or money—you're too busy jerking it and spending your cash on games, beer, and weed.

We're going to say cool it with that bullshit in favor of heating up your sex life. It's actually an investment in yourself, one that your dick will thank you for.

Use these three tips for getting ripped right in your dorm room. No gym membership, personal trainer, or pricey fitness equipment required.



### WARNING

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## 1. Ditch the Gym

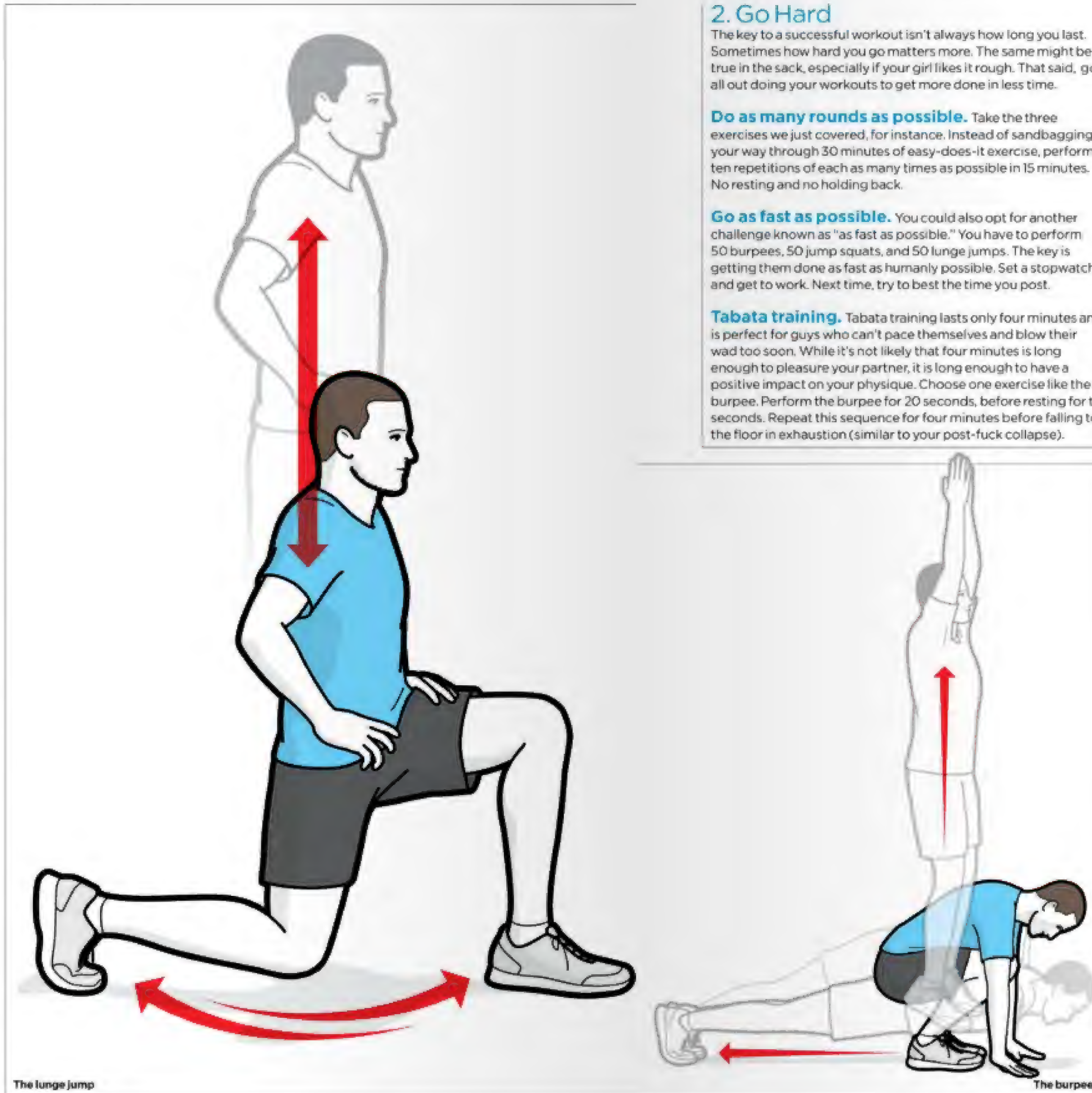
Quick—picture a typical gym. Okay, now look past all the spandex-clad hotties. Make a complete list of all the exercise equipment they've packed in there. What did you come up with? Fifty to 200 pieces of exercise equipment. How much of that equipment is absolutely necessary? The answer might surprise you. None. Zero. There are lots of ways you can get fit just by using your own body weight.

For starters, exercises like the push-up, body-weight squat, and lunge will go a long way. Maybe you've tried those to no avail. Take these moves up a notch by attempting upgraded versions of them—like the burpee, the jump squat, or the lunge jump.

**Burpee.** The burpee is a two-in-one challenge that combines the squat thrust and push-up to create a formidable test of total body fitness. There's an element of strength training and cardio endurance. Begin in the standing position. Then, jump your body down to the push-up position on the ground. Next, perform a push-up. At the top of the push-up, in the plank position, jump your feet to your hands. Now that you're in a squat position, finish the move by jumping off the ground, then clap your hands over your head.

**Jump squat.** Add a jump to the basic body-weight squat to target the legs without the use of weights. Start with your feet shoulder-width apart. Squat low, sitting down into the bottom of a squat. Keep your chest up, back straight, and core engaged. Now, press through the heels and the hips. Explode out of the squat position and jump as high as possible. After you land, repeat the squat, then immediately explode upward again.

**Lunge jump.** Stand with your hands at your sides and your feet hip-width apart. Step the right leg forward while bending your left leg so your left knee is close to or touching the floor. Push off on your right foot to launch yourself into the air. While you're in the air, switch the placement of your feet, bringing the left leg forward and the right knee bent at 90 degrees. Repeat and continue switching legs. Keep in mind, you'll remain in roughly the same spot as when you started. The only thing changing location is your feet.



The lunge jump

The burpee

## 2. Go Hard

The key to a successful workout isn't always how long you last. Sometimes how hard you go matters more. The same might be true in the sack, especially if your girl likes it rough. That said, go all out doing your workouts to get more done in less time.

**Do as many rounds as possible.** Take the three exercises we just covered, for instance. Instead of sandbagging your way through 30 minutes of easy-does-it exercise, perform ten repetitions of each as many times as possible in 15 minutes. No resting and no holding back.

**Go as fast as possible.** You could also opt for another challenge known as "as fast as possible." You have to perform 50 burpees, 50 jump squats, and 50 lunge jumps. The key is getting them done as fast as humanly possible. Set a stopwatch and get to work. Next time, try to best the time you post.

**Tabata training.** Tabata training lasts only four minutes and is perfect for guys who can't pace themselves and blow their wad too soon. While it's not likely that four minutes is long enough to pleasure your partner, it is long enough to have a positive impact on your physique. Choose one exercise like the burpee. Perform the burpee for 20 seconds, before resting for ten seconds. Repeat this sequence for four minutes before falling to the floor in exhaustion (similar to your post-fuck collapse).


The jump squat

## 3. Run Faster

Okay, so we lied. For this last part, you're going to have to lace up your sneakers and go outside. Yes, it's time for some cardio. No, you don't have to set out on a never-ending run. Unless of course you want to cruise your campus to lock down a date for this weekend's festivities. Picking up chicks is a perfectly acceptable reason to skip a workout, especially if the end result is a workout that will lead you back to your dorm room. But we digress. Hold off on chasing tail for 15 minutes, because that's all it's going to take to get one of these cardio workouts in.

**Sprint.** After warming up and breaking a bit of a sweat, sprint all out for 30 to 60 seconds before walking or jogging for up to 60 seconds. When your rest time is up, start running again. Continue alternating this on-again/off-again sequence for 15 minutes.

**Run uphill.** Like the sprints we just discussed, running uphill doesn't take all day. There's no way it could. It's too freaking tiring. Find a steep hill that takes 45 to 90 seconds to scale. Run up that bad boy as fast as your body will allow. Now, walk or jog back down to the bottom before repeating the run. After 15 minutes, you can call it quits.

There you have it, proof that exercise doesn't have anything to do with time or money. You can get fit in your dorm room with no equipment whatsoever. Your cardio workouts will carry you outside, but that's okay. You'll want to show off the goods once you're in shape. If all goes according to plan, you won't be skipping class to play videogames, you'll be bailing on all of your academic responsibilities to pound more pussy than you ever thought possible. Yeah, you're welcome. 



# PLAYOFFS? PLAYOFFS?!

Yes, Jim Mora, for the first time in its storied history, college football will introduce a playoff system to decide the national champion.

By Peter Schrager

**T**his is a landmark season in college football, as the old bowl system is finally being put out to pasture (as a means to deciding a national champion, anyway) in favor of a four-team playoff. Of course, there will probably still be controversy over that fourth playoff spot, but, hey, it's a step in the right direction, and we'll be fired up for the inaugural NCAA football tournament come January. There are also a whole bunch of new faces in new places this year, some intriguing new Heisman Trophy candidates, and the usual suspects of powers vying for the—still getting used to this—playoffs. This year's *Penthouse* preview will look at all of the above, as well as some out-of-the-way tailgate spots and some iconic college football honeys of recent years.

## PENTHOUSE PRESEASON TOP TEN



Trevon Knight

**1. Florida State.** Quarterback Jameis Winston returns, along with five seniors on the offensive line and Nick O'Leary at tight end—he's Jack Nicklaus's grandson; that's got to count for something. This could be one of those runaway years for FSU, where nobody even challenges them until the playoffs.

**2. Alabama.** Quarterback Jacob Coker backed up Winston in Tallahassee the past few years, then graduated from FSU and transferred to Alabama, where, as a graduate student with football eligibility, he doesn't have to sit out a year and will compete for the starting job. Got all that? Nick Saban and new offensive coordinator Lane Kiffin are certainly pleased to have the six-five, 230-pounder in Tuscaloosa.

**3. Oregon.** Quarterback Marcus Mariota had the Ducks flying high before a mid-season injury derailed

any BCS title hopes last year. He's back for 2014, as are his five starting offensive linemen.

**4. LSU.** Coach Les Miles lost his quarterback and top two receivers from a season ago, but has one of the best defenses and arguably the best backfield in the nation. The Tigers face Alabama on November 8, with a playoff berth potentially on the line.

**5. Ohio State.** Quarterback Braxton Miller and the Buckeyes were a few plays short of a BCS Championship Game berth last season. The Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year returns, along with the country's best defensive line—a year older and a year hungrier.

**6. Oklahoma.** Trevon Knight looked like a star calling signals in the Sooners' Sugar Bowl win over Alabama in January. Freshman running backs Joe Mixon and Samaje

Perine could be game-changers.

**7. Michigan State.** The Spartans bring back just about everyone on offense, but are undergoing an extreme makeover on defense. They're still the class of the Big Ten Legends division.

**8. Stanford.** Quarterback Kevin Hogan showed a ton of promise down the stretch in 2013, and the running-back duo of Barry Sanders (son of the Barry Sanders) and Kelsey Young could combine for 2,000 yards in the wide-open Pac-12.

**9. Baylor.** Coach Art Briles could do no wrong last year and his quarterback, Bryce Petty, is back to try to top his remarkable 2013 season, when he was named Big 12 Offensive Player of the Year.

**10. Central Florida.** The Knights won the AAC last year and upset Baylor in the Fiesta Bowl. Quarterback Blake Bortles is trying his luck in the NFL now (with Jacksonville), but the Knights return a large portion of a roster that upset Penn State and Louisville a season ago. UCF should be college football's top mid-major program in 2014.





# HEISMAN WATCH

Can Florida State quarterback Jameis Winston repeat as the winner of college football's top individual prize? Here are five who could stop him.

## Bryce Petty, Baylor, QB:

Art Briles has already coached one Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback in Robert Griffin III. Petty doesn't have the mobility of RGIII, but the Baylor senior has the arm, the capable supporting cast, and the will to improve on last year's impressive season.

## Marcus Mariota, Oregon, QB:

Word in NFL circles is that Mariota would have been a first-round pick had he entered the 2014 NFL Draft. Instead, he returns to Eugene, where he'll try to pick up where he left off in last year's Alamo Bowl, in which he destroyed Texas with 253 yards passing and 133 yards rushing.

## Braxton Miller, Ohio State, QB:

Despite missing two games last season due to injury, Miller finished eighth in the Big Ten in rushing with 1,068 yards and 12 touchdowns and

won the conference's Offensive Player of the Year award. He's fully healthy entering 2014, and the Buckeyes are primed for a title run.

## Mike Davis, South Carolina, RB:

Davis is a wild-card pick, but a plausible one, as he topped 100 yards rushing in seven games a season ago. A lot of folks have South Carolina coming out of the SEC East this year. If they do, Davis will be the chief reason why.

## Leonard Fournette, LSU, RB:

Your long-shot of long-shots, Fournette is a true freshman who has already claimed that winning the Heisman and the national championship in his freshman year are goals of his. No true freshman has ever won the Heisman (though Adrian Peterson came close in 2004). The prodigiously gifted (and hyped) Fournette will give it a shot.



Bryce Petty

# SHUFFLING THE DECK

The college football landscape changes fairly drastically every year now. Here are five key off-season moves for 2014-15.

## 1. Louisville, Rutgers, and Maryland are all in new conferences.

Louisville goes from the AAC to the ACC, while both Rutgers and Maryland leave their former conferences for the Big Ten. The Cardinals could compete with the Florida States and Clemsons, but don't expect much out of the other two in Big Ten country just yet.

## 2. Coaches Chris Petersen and Charlie Strong have new homes.

Both Petersen (Boise State) and Strong (Louisville) turned their former programs into college football powerhouses and are now looking to revitalize two storied programs fallen on hard times. Strong is now at Texas, and Petersen is in Washington.

## 3. Lane Kiffin is back.

Fired by USC a year ago, Kiffin continues his incredible career of getting summarily dismissed one season and ending up somewhere great the next. He's now Nick Saban's offensive coordinator at Alabama.

## 4. Riggs's new digs.

Former Florida defensive back Cody Riggs pulled a Jacob Coker and transferred to spend his final year of eligibility at Notre Dame, where he'll enroll in business school, and, more importantly, play cornerback. He had been moved to safety in the Gators' defensive scheme.

## 5. Cardinal coach David Shaw loses his man.

Derek Mason was one of the most highly sought after assistants in all of college football a season ago. The ex-Stanford defensive coordinator now joins Vanderbilt, where he'll replace James Franklin (now the head coach at Penn State) in the top job.

# OFF THE BEATEN PATH

Five great under-the-radar tailgates in college football

**1. Army.** There are few campus scenes more beautiful than West Point on a sunny Saturday in September. The foliage over the Hudson River and the lore of Army football soak the atmosphere. If you've never been, there's a community tailgate at the First Class Club sports bar awaiting you with open arms.

**2. North Dakota State.** If you're anywhere near Fargo this fall, make it a point to hit up a Bison game. Head for the west side of the Fargodome, where the parking lot is full of tents, RVs, and creatively decorated buses. You'll hear AC/DC's "Thunderstruck"—the team's intro song—running on loop.

**3. Harvard.** Believe it or not, Harvard's got a hell of a pregame tailgate scene, and it's never better than before the hallowed Harvard-Yale game. Though you might imagine white linen tablecloths and fine wine, the rivalry game brings out

the best in multiple generations of fans. Don't sleep on the Ivy League—they like to party, too.

**4. Texas Christian University.** Horned Frogs students and alumni are all about the parking lot before the game. You'll see souped-up big rigs with flat-screen TVs, fraternity and sorority members in formal attire, and tricked out 15-foot trailers with stoves and grills. You can find everything you're looking for in an SEC tailgate on a Saturday in Fort Worth.

**5. Lehigh.** Three friends from the class of '74, dubbed "the Kings of Tailgates," hold themed throw-downs where they serve an unreal, 35-foot buffet before every Lehigh game. Then there's the Engineers' fraternity row, which is a whole other adventure. If you're thinking about heading to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, go for the annual rivalry game with Lafayette.

# COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYOFF 101

Your cheat sheet on the new postseason

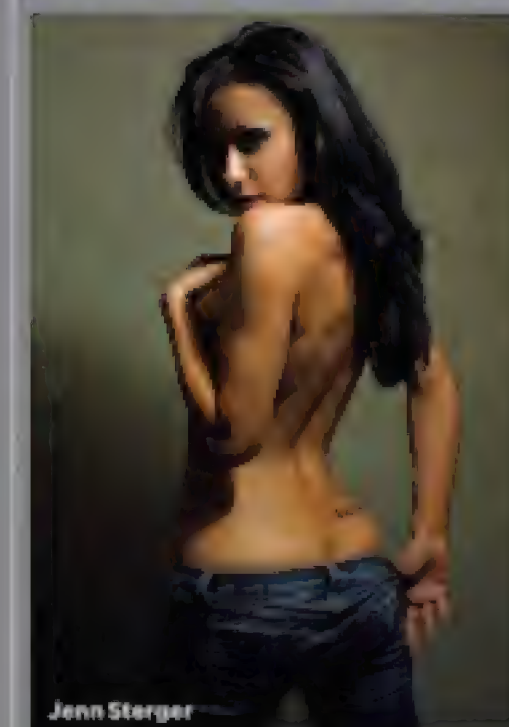
• A 13-person committee will begin seeding the top 25 teams around mid-season, and will do so until after the conference title games, when the top four will square off in a four-team, single-elimination tournament.

• New Year's Day matters again. The Fiesta, Peach, Cotton, Orange, Rose, and Sugar Bowls will all be played over two days this year. The Rose and Sugar—both on New Year's Day—will serve as the college football playoff semifinals.

• Of the six major bowl games, two will serve as the semifinals each year. There are three groups of two that will rotate on a three-year cycle: Rose/Sugar, Orange/Cotton, and Peach/Fiesta.

• The National Championship Game will be held at a neutral site every year, roughly a week after the two semifinal games. On January 12, 2015, it'll be held in Arlington, Texas.

• ESPN will carry each and every one of these games—whether you like it or not.



Jenn Sterger

**Jenn Sterger:** A pair of implants and a scanty top can get a girl surprisingly far these days, as Sterger found out when the cameras caught her in the crowd at a nationally televised Florida State game in 2005, prompting ABC's Brent Musburger to announce, "Fifteen-hundred red-blooded Americans just decided to apply to Florida State." Sterger parlayed her 15 minutes into a sideline-reporter gig with the New York Jets, where she was the recipient of history's most famous dick pics, from a certain graying quarterback. After holding a number of on-screen journalism posts, Sterger moved to Los Angeles, where she's currently pursuing an acting career.



Katherine Webb

**Fabiola Romero:** Romero is Sterger's almost equally busty, blonde pal, who was Tomahawk-chopping in the stands next to her at that FSU-Miami game in 2005. She took the logical next step and is now a Miami Dolphins cheerleader.

**Katherine Webb:** Another attractive female spotted in the crowd—this time at the 2013 BCS title game—by noted perv Musburger, Webb was the girlfriend of former Alabama quarterback A. J. McCarron. She's now engaged to McCarron, and appeared in the 2013 *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue.

**Erin Drewes:** After being photographed with then Florida



Lennay Kekua

quarterback (and noted virgin) Tim Tebow in 2007, the buxom Drewes acquired a measure of fame when people assumed she was his girlfriend. She wasn't, but that didn't stop her from doing a photo shoot with Tebow's No. 15 Florida jersey painted onto her body. She pretty much left it at that, though, and has returned to civilian life as a nurse, working on getting her master's to become a nurse practitioner.

**Lennay Kekua:** Oh, Lennay, onetime girlfriend of former Notre Dame (and current San Diego Chargers) linebacker Manti Te'o, we hardly knew you. No, really, we hardly did. And the same goes for Te'o.



# SEXCAPADES ON CAMPUS

By Ronnie Koenig  
\*All names have been changed

WHERE ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS DOING IT BESIDES DORM ROOMS? WE ASKED CURRENT STUDENTS AND RECENT ALUMS TO SPILL THEIR SAUCIEST SEX SECRETS. THE CONCLUSION: THERE ARE NO LIMITS TO HOW FAR AN ENTERPRISING COED WILL GO TO GET HIS OR HER FREAK ON.



■ Under the Split Button, University of Pennsylvania; Laura\*, Class of 2013

One of my best college memories involves getting busy under the button sculpture in front of the library. It's kind of like a rite of passage at U Penn, but you have to be slick, because apparently there are security cameras around. My boyfriend and I snuck underneath it one afternoon during winter break. It was freezing cold outside, and not a lot of people were around. Keeping our clothes on, I was able to reach inside his pants—he was already pretty hard just from the excitement of what we were about to do. He told me it was the best blowjob he'd ever gotten, and it was pretty hot for me, too.



■ The stacks of Butler Library, Columbia University; Gretchen, Class of 2014

I was a first-year at Barnard [the women's college of Columbia] and decided to study in Butler. I'd heard rumors about people hooking up in the stacks. When the guy I'd been flirting with in the reading room saw me get up to leave, he followed me, and as soon as we got into the elevator we started making out. We rode up to one of the quietest floors, and in a dark hallway, he pushed me up against the stacks. I didn't tell him it was my first time—in the stacks, or having sex ever! It was a pretty hot experience, with the fear of getting caught and the fact that he and I didn't know each other.







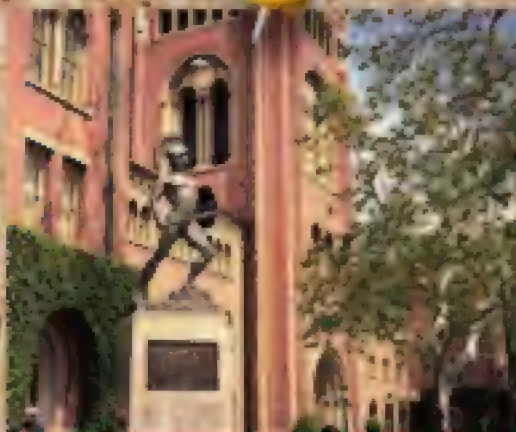
**■ Under the music building, Ohio University; Audrey, Class of 2011**

At OU, there's a space under the music building where a lot of students like to have sex. It was the first week of my senior year and I was drinking with two of my floor mates—a guy and a girl. We got pretty wasted and decided it would be really hot to hook up under Glidden Hall. We stripped down and got really creative with our positions—at one point, Mark was inside me from behind while Carla and I faced each other and kissed. Now that I've graduated, I don't do stuff like that anymore, so I'm kind of glad I had the experience.



**■ In the Bell Tower, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; Jenny, Class of 2014**

Tradition holds that only seniors are allowed in the top of the Bell Tower, but I've been inside several times, starting when I was a first-year. A senior on the baseball team told me that it was his mission to have sex in the Bell Tower—and to come at the exact moment the bells sounded. I wore my shortest dress, so my date could have easy access. It was kind of eerie and dark in there. We made our way up the stairs, and by the time we were at the top we were both out of breath. I reached into my date's pants and pulled out his cock. He moved my thong to the side and bent me over, sliding into me from behind. At the moment the bell sounded, he grunted in my ear and I felt something warm and sticky drip down my thigh. I didn't reach my climax there, but I did later, back in my dorm room.



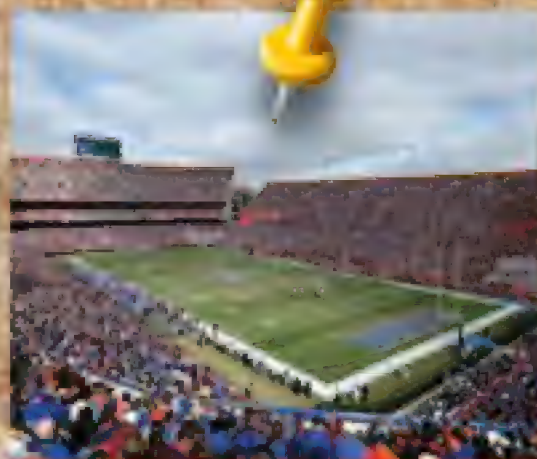
**■ The classroom, University of Southern California; Jamie, Class of 2014**

One semester I was totally obsessed with the TA for my English-lit class. He was tall and thin, kind of nerdy but supersmart and very sexy totally unlike any of my classmates. I'd hooked up with him. When I noticed him looking at me, I started wearing really revealing clothes to class. One day, during finals, I stayed after to ask him for extra help. Tom bent me over one of the desks and grabbed me by the hair while he fucked me with lots of enthusiasm. I loved sitting in that class the next day, thinking about all the naughty things we'd done on those desks!



**■ The fountain on McKeldin Mall, University of Maryland; Jason, Class of 2015**

My girlfriend from sophomore year and her sorority sisters were always talking about skinny-dipping in the fountain. One night, they stripped off all their clothes and jumped in. She kept pleading with me to follow her in, so I did—with all my clothes on. As the other girls got out, we stayed in and started fooling around in the water. We were almost at the finish line when campus security arrived, and we took off running. Thankfully, we escaped and got to finish our soaking-wet session in the showers at my residence hall.



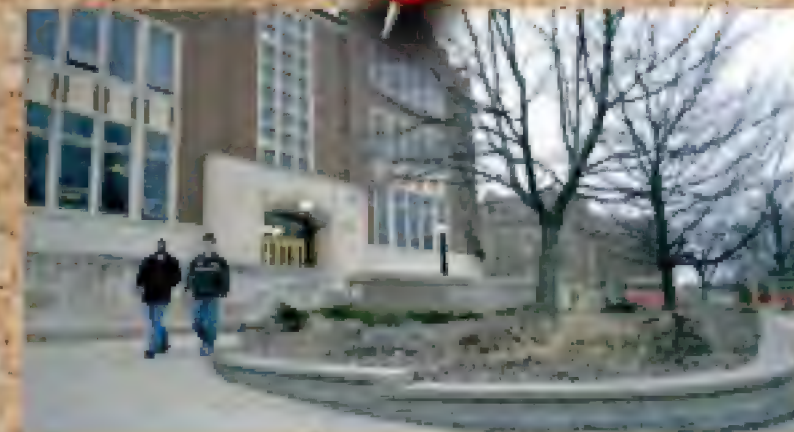
**■ The football field, University of Florida; Debbie, Class of 2012**

When I was a student at UF, a guy convinced me to have sex with him on the Gator head on our football field. We snuck into the stadium at night and proceeded to get down and dirty on the 40-yard line. Even though in retrospect it was a crazy thing to do, it was pretty amazing to be riding this hot guy, right out there in the open.



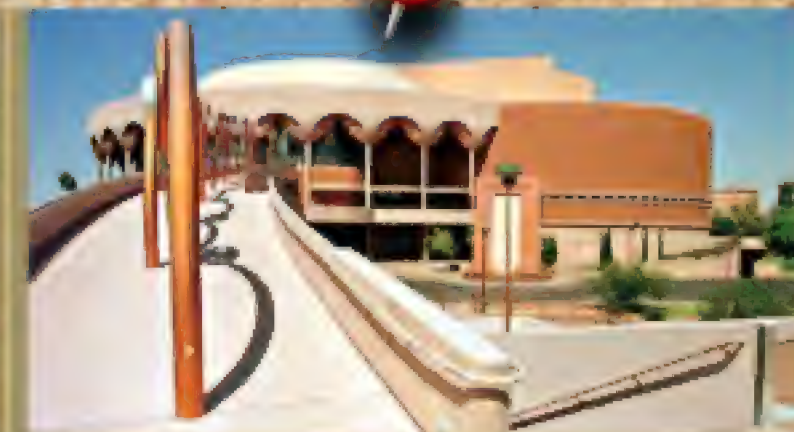
**■ The tunnels, Calvin College, Michigan; Erica, Class of 2017**

Some people think it's weird that I attend a Christian college, but we have our fun. In the winter, we take the tunnels to chapel service. One morning, I met up with a guy I'd been flirting with. We were alone, but that didn't stop my heart from racing at the thought of getting caught. We knew we could be kicked out of school, but that didn't stop us. He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around his waist. It was all we could do to keep from making noise as we enjoyed each other's bodies in a most unholy way.



**■ Abrams Planetarium, Michigan State University; Ana, Class of 2012**

During college I experimented with women. The most memorable time was with this adorable blonde girl from my French class. She and I fooled around in the planetarium during one of the shows. The lights were dim and no one was the wiser that, while we looked up at the stars, we were actually fingering each other, both of us having several orgasms as quietly as we could manage.



**■ On a theater stage, Arizona State University; Jackson, Class of 2014**

Freshman year I dated this very outgoing theater student. She was a bit of an exhibitionist and wanted us to fuck on the main stage of the theater. We snuck in there one night, and just as I got on top of her, center stage, I heard a noise. I was ready to run, but this girl pulled me back on top of her. Even though I think no one saw us, it still felt like we were putting on a sex show. It was hot!

## Canadian Campus Hookups

It's no secret that sex and school go together like peanut butter and jelly. At some point, anyone in college or at a university will have a bucket list of things they want to do during their time as a student. Hooking up on campus always sneaks its way onto the list, and, more often than not, tops it.

A fourth-year criminology student at Western University in London, Ontario, recalls a story from his first year when he and a girlfriend were studying in the basement of the library. "We were both mad-stressed for an exam that was coming up," he explains. "We hadn't seen anybody in an hour or two, and she just dropped it on me, like, 'How crazy would it be to fuck down here?'" It only lasted, like, 15 minutes, but it was definitely one to remember.

In Waterloo, Ontario, an accounting student tells me about his sexcapades on the university campus. "I banged my ex-girlfriend in the stairwell of the student center, around 4 p.m. on a Wednesday," he admits, laughing. "It's a pretty busy building. We both wanted to hook up on campus, but never planned to do it at a certain time or place. It was really spontaneous." That's pretty risky, so I asked him if anyone caught them. He replied, somewhat disappointedly, "The story doesn't get that good."

Across the country, at the University of British Columbia (UBC), a chemistry grad from Western University tells me she had sex in the Christian Club office at UBC with a guy she was seeing. "I was in Vancouver for Thanksgiving, and me and this guy were studying on campus. He had keys to the Christian Club office and we were walking through the student-union building when he brought it up. Next thing you know, we're hooking up."

At Queen's University, in Kingston, Ontario, engineering students can buy a "XXX" patch from the campus bookstore. The patch is to be sewn underneath the collar of the students' engineering jack-

ets. "That way nobody knows you have it... until you pop your collar," explains a student. One earns the patch based on the honor system, with each "X" representing a different task. One is for having sex while being dyed gentian purple (a Queen's homecoming ritual); the second is for having sex while wearing a Queen's engineering jacket; and the third is for having sex in a Queen's engineering building. The ultimate goal is to do all three at once, but students earn them in steps, too.

Engineering students at Western University don't get anything to prove they've had sex on campus, but that doesn't mean they don't use their 24-hour access to computer labs to their advantage. A 2012 graduate says the best place to get down with a girl is the computer labs in Middlesex College, located on the north side of campus. "I've had sex in almost every single one of them. It's just so close to the Grad Club [a campus bar], and after you meet someone, the easiest place to take care of business is in the computer labs."

On the east coast, at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a fourth-year student tells me that he's never had sex at school, but would love to "fill a girl on campus." He claims the best place to have sex would be in the cosmic-adventure play structure in the Dalhousie Athletic Facility called the "funzone," specifically in the "plastic tube maze." A third-year student agrees, but she thinks the best place in the funzone is the ball pit.

So why do people do it? The only answer I could get, other than "Why not?" was for the thrill of getting caught—a turn-on for the majority of people. You can have sex virtually anywhere, but how often are you going to get the chance to do it at school? I guess Chef from *South Park* was right when he said, "There's a time and a place for everything, and it's called college." —Jordan Guzyk



# FROM BK TO CONAN

Comedian Ian Edwards launched his career while working in a Burger King drive-through. Now he's launching Conan O'Brien's record label.

By John Bolster • Photograph by Cisco Lamessi

**W**hen Conan O'Brien taps you to kick off his new venture into the comedy-album business, you can safely say you've arrived. For the debut release from his recently founded Team Coco Records, the ginger giant chose Ian Edwards, a veteran comic who's made several appearances on *Conan*, and had stand-up specials on HBO, the BBC, and Comedy Central. Born in London and raised in Jamaica before moving to the United States at age 17, Edwards has also written for *Saturday Night Live*, *The Boondocks*, and *2 Broke Girls*—and O'Brien is not alone in recognizing the quality in the unheralded comic's laid-back, clever, and very dark style. J. B. Smoove (*Curb Your Enthusiasm*) has called Edwards "the best and most underrated comic in the industry," and AmericasComedy.com dubbed him "one of the coolest guys on the planet." Edwards's debut album, *100% Half-Assed*, came out in June, and he spoke to *Penthouse* before launching a tour in support of the record.

**Your new stand-up album is called *100% Half-Assed*, but having seen your act, I'm guessing you actually pride yourself on really crafting your jokes.**

Yeah, I spent a lot more time crafting my jokes than I did crafting my career. So I think that's where the "half-assed" part comes in.

**Were you really working at a Burger King when you made the decision to try comedy?**

Yes. And it was actually a good thing, to be working at Burger King, because when you tell your parents you're going to do comedy, they are definitely less disappointed.

**[Laughs] It's not like going from medical school to comedy.**

Yeah, exactly. It was a ploy of mine, so they'd be like, *Heyyy... the money he's*

*not going to make doing comedy is better than the money he's making at Burger King.*

So [they said] go ahead, go for it.

**Do you have any good—or awful—stories from working at BK?**

When I was at Burger King, I was still trying to assimilate to being in America, and making friends, and talking to people. I figured out that having a sense of humor would help me communicate with people. Now, I'm a vegan, okay? And while I was at Burger King one day, some stranger in the drive-through told me that I should consider comedy. I trusted somebody who eats bad meat—I ran with that advice, without question. I never considered turning back from this idea from a random stranger who makes bad food choices.

**Did you make a joke about his order or something in the drive-through line?**

No, I was just doing voices, and acting

silly, and he said, "Man, you are funny. You should think about doing comedy."

**I read that former NBA star Gilbert Arenas stole one of your jokes a while back. What was the story behind that?**

I had this joke about shark attacks. He saw it on this show called *The Bad Boys of Comedy*, on HBO, and he put it on his blog, as if he'd just come up with it. They were talking about it on ESPN, how amazing his bit was. But then people said, "No, that's not his joke, that's Ian Edwards's joke."

**I like the fact that you didn't have to do the policing, that other people did it for you.**

Yeah, but when Gilbert got caught, he started dissing me! He was like, "Well, nobody ever heard of Ian Edwards until I did that." It turned out we had a mutual friend, Chris Spencer, who is friends with everybody. He spoke to Gilbert, and Gilbert texted me, and he said, "Hey man, I'll make it up to you." I said, "All right, it's cool. When you're in town for a game, I want to come see the game." He said, "No problem." And then never, ever... hit me when he came to town and invited me to the game.

**He didn't hold up his end of the deal.**




"I ran with that advice [to get into comedy]. I never considered turning back from this idea from a random stranger who makes bad food choices."

Yes, but karma is a bitch, because right after that, that's when he had the gun problems in Washington, in the locker room, and then his career was over. I'm not saying I used any Jamaican voodoo; I'm just saying, "Don't promise me tickets and not deliver." Now he can't get a ticket to an NBA game.... But I had nothing to do with it, obviously, and I wish he were still playing. Fuck it, I ain't mad.

**You once went on the legendary *Amateur Night at the Apollo*.**

Yeah, I did the regular show and the Amateur Night, and the Amateur Night is terrifying. All the contestants are in the basement, and you can hear the roof rocking above you. I was there with a friend. He was first, and he went up there, and he got booed. You could hear the boos through the ceiling. And I had to go up there! But when I did, I started off good, I was doing fine, until I did a joke about—it was a dumb joke that went like, "I was peeing in the garbage, and a guy said, 'Hey man, you can't piss in the Dumpster—somebody has to eat out of that.'" The audience laughed, right? But the host, he thought me mentioning the word "peeing" was too raw—for a crowd that boos people offstage and completely destroys their self-esteem. So he cut my set.

**You're touring now, behind *100% Half-Assed*. What's happening after that?**

Yes, people can go to my website—[ianedwardscomedian.com](http://ianedwardscomedian.com)—there's a list of dates there. I just got a writing job—a friend of mine has a show coming on ABC in September. It's called *Black-ish*, and it's a sitcom with Anthony Anderson, Tracee Ellis Ross, and Laurence Fishburne. I was writing for *2 Broke Girls* and I loved it, but this was an opportunity to work with a friend, and who knows whether it will ever happen again, so I'm just going for the new challenge. 



# lady luxe

Jessi June didn't rely on Lady Luck to become a Penthouse Pet. After gracing these pages in September 2012, she continued to build her public presence, shooting scenes and photo sets as well as writing a sex-advice column. Now that Jessi's classic good looks and old-school Hollywood curves have earned her Penthouse Pet status, we felt this luxurious setting and wardrobe would be the perfect enhancement to her already considerable charms.

Photographs by Holly Randall



STYLING BY MIADRESLEY





I don't have singing or acting experience.  
In fact, in the name of public interest,  
I refrain from both! I'm a terrible actor  
because I'm a terrible liar. I don't even fake  
it in scenes. I just go till I actually finish.







"I went to Florida State University—go 'Noles!—and graduated with a business degree, but even then my path was clear. I was the center on the flag-football team, a big hint that I like women's hands down there!"







"When it comes to celebrities I admire, I'd go with Olivia Wilde, Emma Stone, and Jennifer Lawrence. They're three gorgeous women who speak their mind and are comfortable in their own skin. Plus, I'd fuck all of them!"





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# PENTHOUSE

01 JESSI JUNE SEPTEMBER 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



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"My favorite way to work out is a fun wrestling session that ends up in a naughty poundfest. There's something about being thrown around playfully that turns my downstairs into a slip and slide."

# nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **I recently found out I have herpes. I don't know from whom. How do I approach my partner, and how do I alert partners in the future?**

Herpes is a lot more common than you may think, and is treatable if you take action as soon as you detect symptoms. There are a number of medications and topical ointments that can neutralize an outbreak within a few days. In the world of STDs, it's more of a lifetime on probation than a prison sentence. With proper care and attention to your symptoms, you can have a full and complete sex life, provided you take the appropriate medical steps.

As for "the conversation," you should have that open dialogue with your current partner immediately, with full disclosure and honesty. Try to not play the blame game and determine who contracted it first, as that will only lead you down a road of despair and distrust, and into an adversarial, emotional backlash. Assigning blame will not be the solution. The two of you need to see a doctor *together*: Have blood work done, get informed, and treat this as a team. If you have a strong foundation as a couple, you should weather the storm. If you can, try to have a sense of humor about it, since as long as you deal with the issue, no one is going to die here. It's just a drag.

If and when you end up with someone new, you need to tell him or her that you have herpes before you become sexually involved.

■ **I'm in a new relationship with a guy who travels five to six months of the year. Things are hot and heavy now, but I'm worried about the future. How do I keep him from straying?**

As a traveling musician myself, I can tell you that the upside is, if you share a real love as a couple, the distance can actually benefit keeping the fire alive. Sometimes we need to miss our partners in order to fully appreciate the gifts they bring to our lives. Granted, too much distance can be a problem without communication and trust, so I suggest that you make those things the goal, rather than focusing on infidelities or sexuality. Do what you can to stay connected while apart. Texts and tweets and Facebook posts are all well and good, but nothing beats the old-school phone call, voice to voice. Even a video chat is pretty standard these days, and a great way to up the connection as well. Share what's going on in your lives in terms of what your days are like, and where you are emotionally. Try to avoid drilling each other about other people or whether or not you're faithful. Fear-based interrogation will kill the intimacy for sure.

■ **I just recently cheated on my new boyfriend with an ex. I feel like I'm still in love with my ex, but I'm too scared to come clean because I don't want to lose my current boyfriend. What do I do?**

Listen, I appreciate your openness and all, but the simple fact is, this is

not a column where I give out advice on how to be dishonest and get away with bullshit. You need to try to muster up some of that honesty again and apply it to your relationships. If you sincerely don't know who you want to be with, you shouldn't be in any relationship. Your current boyfriend doesn't deserve to be a placeholder while you sort out your emotional life. Your best bet is to see if he is open to going back to casual dating, but be prepared for an answer you may not want to hear.

■ **I've been sleeping with the boyfriend of one of my best friends on and off for the past two years. He says he really cares about me and that one day we'll be together, but it doesn't feel like it's ever going to happen. They're still together, and I don't know if I can keep doing this. Should I wait for him?**

Let me ask you this: Haven't you been waiting for him? I don't know what the average and fair amount of time to wait for someone is, but it seems like after two years, the expiration date has arrived. Maybe you should start dating that poor boyfriend from the prior question. Sounds like you two have a lot in common.

Even though you may be the single one here, you are not the victim. You are a knowing and willful partner in a plot of deceit. Cut your ties entirely. It'll keep you spiritually free and may just be the thing that's required to force him into making a decision. **OH—**



☁ [positions desired]



# Bunny Tales

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## Cece Adams

The Moonlite Bunny Ranch  
69 Moonlight Road  
Carson City NV 89706  
775-246-9901  
[Cece@bunnyranch.com](mailto:Cece@bunnyranch.com)

### PROFILE

Age: 19  
Height: 5'8"  
Bra size: 34C  
Home state: Texas

### PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Almost one year.

"I saw *Cathouse* on TV when I was younger, and one day I looked them up. When I got the job, I was supernervous. I had to move to a new state where I didn't know a single person, but I'm so glad I did. I love working here! It's given me lots of great opportunities. I've gotten to travel and meet new people, and I've learned a lot about myself. Plus, as much as I loved sex before, I love it even more now."

"Living at the Bunny Ranch is just like being in a sorority—only everyone has done a two-girl party with pretty much everyone else. So maybe it's a little bit different...."

### PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I used to be really submissive, but sometimes you have guys who want you to be more dominant. The first time I had a client like that, I had to fake it a bit, but I actually liked it. It opened my mind up to all the possibilities."

"A lot of guys are nervous when they come in for the first time, and I understand. I mean, you're surrounded by 20 or 30 really hot girls in lingerie. That's intimidating. To help a guy calm down, I'll sit next to him and talk to him. Having a nice conversation always helps put people at ease."

### SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"My specialty is definitely the Girlfriend Experience. When a guy has a GFE with me, it starts immediately when he walks through the door. I go the extra mile to show I care and make him feel comfortable, from getting a drink when he comes in to grabbing lunch or dinner when the party is over."

"I really enjoy having couples as clients. You have to check with each person about their limits and make sure you're not crossing any boundaries, and you should always pay more attention to the woman, so it's more work than having a single guy, but I enjoy the challenge."

### ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My wildest party was during my last stay at the Ranch. Two guys came in, and one of them was getting married that weekend. At first they weren't really looking to do anything, but eventually they booked a Jacuzzi party, and that turned into a regular party. It went from 1 p.m. until 4 a.m. Around midnight, I brought in six other girls to join us, so it was just those two guys and seven girls. It was a lot of fun!"

### TEACHING OVERVIEW

"Try new things. I recommend using toys, just to add a little flavor. Roleplay, get some naughty outfits, put on a wig sometimes and be a different person. Just have fun." ☺



“A GUY CAME IN ONE TIME WHO WANTED ME TO SLAP HIM, AND I WAS LIKE, ‘WHAT?’ AT FIRST I WAS TERRIFIED THAT I’D HURT HIM, BUT FINALLY I SUCKED IT UP AND DID IT. IT WAS REALLY FUN, IN A STRANGE WAY. NOW I WANT TO DO A SUB/DOMME PARTY AND TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.”



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE MOONLITE BUNNY RANCH





## Graduate to Sizzling Sex

Our sister website, [AdultFriendFinder.com](http://AdultFriendFinder.com), is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. We're happy to share that info with you, our readers.  
By Ava Cadell, PhD

I don't know what you were first taught about sex, but I was told that if I ever kissed a boy, a baby would pop out of my mouth. Needless to say, I was a very confused teenager. That confusion fueled my thirst for knowledge about sexuality, and I've made it my life's work to ensure that everyone has access to positive sexual information. So I was thrilled to be invited by AdultFriendFinder and *Penthouse* to create their Sex Academy courses and videos aimed at improving the sex lives of adults.

You might be thinking, *I already know how to be a great lover. I don't need this.* And you might be right. But did you know that men can have multiple orgasms? Or that women can reach orgasms from U-spot, G-spot, and A-spot stimulation? (That's urethra, Gräfenberg, and anterior fornix, FYI.) I find that, as with any subject, knowledge equals power—and with sexual knowledge comes sexual satisfaction. I invite you to get a trial membership to AFF and check out [SexAcademy.com](http://SexAcademy.com) to find a topic that excites you.

Maybe you're dating and looking to explore steamy safer-sex options? Or you're in a relationship, but not sure how to get your partner to give you oral sex more often? Or maybe you just want to discover new sex positions or sensual activities? With the Sex Academy courses, you learn at your own pace about many techniques you've probably never heard of, and then watch the erotic action come to life in hot videos that will turn you on and get you off. Here's a sneak preview to some of the sexy courses and videos you'll find.

● **Masturbation** is chock-full of tips for men and women to heighten self-pleasure for maximum fulfillment. You'll see how women can reach the Big O by stimulating new hot spots manually, with waterplay, and with sex toys. Not to mention how men can last longer with the three Ps, then strengthen and elongate their penis with some simple exercises.

● **Amazing Anal Sex** focuses on how and why anal sex can be so much fun for men and women. Forget those old notions of it being too painful or taboo. There's a right way to do it that's healthy, hot, and heightens sexual satisfaction. Guys can also enjoy backdoor play, experiencing powerful external prostate pleasure through their "million-dollar point" or internal prostate-milking orgasms.

● **Erotic Massage** is one of the most valuable gifts you can give to someone, and it doesn't cost a thing. In this course and video, you'll learn how to give a hands-free massage and about all the different types of erotic touch that can result in nipple orgasms, G-spot climaxes, and P-spot (prostate) orgasms. Don't forget, when you give an erotic massage, you are very likely to receive one.

● **Foreplay** turns those teasing sexual activities into the main attraction, from talking dirty to striptease and oral delights. We uncover the limitless possibilities, including many unique orgasmic-foreplay techniques, and fun and sexy games, like the Panty Toss.

● **Ultimate Oral Sex** covers everything you need to know about using

your mouth to give pleasure, and includes oral-sex tips for women by women, as well as tips on deep-throating and tea-bagging. And you'll love the oral-specific positions, such as the advanced Standing 69, something new for the adventurous couple.

● **Sexual Positions** will help inspire spontaneity, get you thinking outside the box, and get you busy all over your home—inside and out! As you explore the hottest positions for her and him, you'll find new props at home that you've never thought of using—and some memorable advanced positions, like the Bridge.

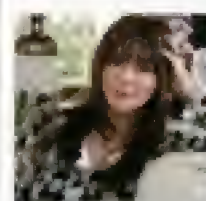
● **Swinging** is a course for people who want to find another person, couple, or group event to spice up their sex lives. We'll show you how to get started, what etiquette to use, and some incredible threesome, four-some, and group sexual positions, such as the Train.

● **Sex Fantasies and Roleplay** is for anyone who's ever thought of getting "into character." Discover the benefits of pushing your sexual boundaries, and make your deepest fantasies come to life. There are fun tips on playing cowboy/cowgirl, butler/French maid, male/female convict, male/female cop, and many more sexy scenarios.

I want to leave you with my top-three reasons to join the Sex Academy:

1. You'll boost your sexual confidence and skills.
2. You'll discover unique, erotic techniques to please men and women.
3. You'll experience better sex and more sexual satisfaction.

Sex is our second basic instinct after survival, so it's natural to want to experience the best sex of your life. Sex Academy can provide the tools you need to expand your horizons and have a happy, healthy sex life.



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned expert with a master's degree in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, and the author of eight books, including the recent *NeuroLoveology: The Power to Mindful Love & Sex*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. J. P. JAC. DESIGN AND STYLING: TONY WEDDIE

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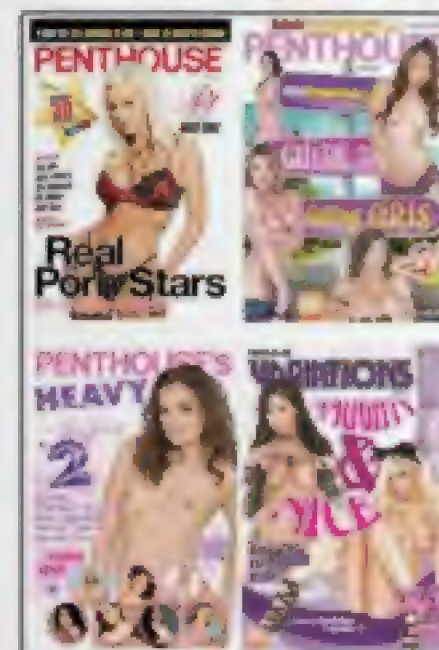
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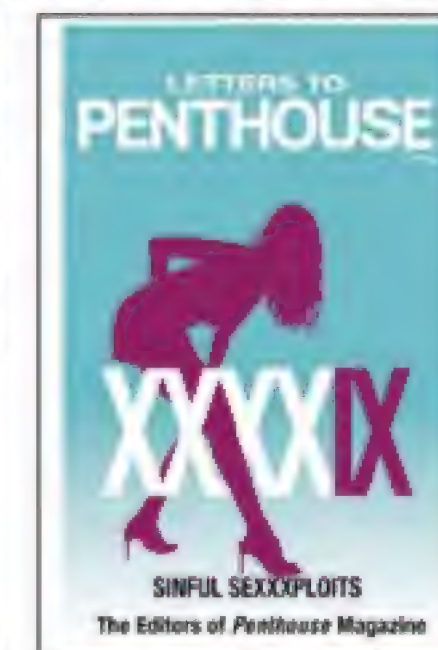
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# taylor maid

Ava Taylor says she has always dreamed of being in *Penthouse*. "Isn't that every girl's dream?" she adds with a laugh. "It's great to have made it. I'm happy working in porn, but I'm also getting into photography and videography. The best thing about this job is meeting so many self-made successful people and making great connections." We'd certainly love to "connect" with this 19-year-old beauty.

Photographs by Mark Lit  
for Digital Desire





"Is it cliché to say having sex is my favorite way to get a workout? Other than that, twerking does the trick. And smoking is a guilty pleasure of mine. I'm not afraid to admit it."







"I wasn't one of the popular kids in high school. I was the stoner who read books while walking through the hallway and had three friends."

SEE MORE OF AVA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com)



# THE FALL GUY

Beautiful women tumble hard and fast for this lucky stunt double.

As told to Ronnie Koenig



**Y**ou've probably seen me in movies and countless TV commercials, but I can guarantee you don't know my name—and that's just the way I like it. While the Brad Pitts and Daniel Craigs of the world can't take a shit without it making front-page news, I've found a way to live the A-list life in total anonymity. And while being a stunt double has absolutely wrecked my

body on many occasions, I've gotten to fuck the women most men only fantasize about, from the girls next door to the world's most celebrated actresses.

At six foot one, with a strong, solid build, I often find myself cast to do the dirty work that leading men can't (or aren't allowed to) handle. That was the case last summer, when I worked on an action/romantic comedy for two weeks in the south of France. The stars were a well-known couple that

have been together for a while. After I'd been fitted into the same suit as the lead, everyone on the set remarked that we were like clones—in particular his wife. She's a stunning brunette, athletic, and game to try some of her own stunts, not to mention a woman with perky tits and a round ass that I found myself thinking about squeezing on more than one occasion. It didn't hurt that she's also down-to-earth and funny, often making playful jokes at my expense.

One day, during a break, I took a chance and asked for her phone number. She hesitated but then smiled, and I knew that she would put me through a sexy hell. From that day on, we exchanged a series of text messages that quickly went from flirty to downright lewd. One afternoon she texted, "I really love sucking cock." I got hard just from reading her message and excused myself to go to my trailer, where I lay down and began to stroke myself. Her next message—"I'm thinking about you grabbing me by the hair and fucking my mouth. Would you do that to me?"—had me so close to coming that I couldn't type a response, but just then there was a knock on the trailer. It was her, and she stepped inside and locked the door.

There was no way I could hide my raging erection, but she didn't seem to mind. "You have a really perfect cock," she said as she got down on her knees in front of me, wrapping one of her delicate hands around my shaft. It was not the first time I'd been told this.

"Lick my balls," I instructed, and she obliged, sighing with pleasure as I repeatedly smacked her in the face with my cock. Our encounter ended with me brushing her hair to the side so I could see her face as I came in her mouth, and when she passionately kissed me good-bye, I could taste my fresh come on her lips.

A few months later, I was filming a music video, and the stuntwoman for the female lead was someone I'd worked with before on several occasions. I knew that she was a total professional, but she's also incredibly hot, with an amazingly fit body and a competitive streak that made her a challenge to work with. And since we're both in top physical condition and experts in firearms, kickboxing, sword fighting, and rappelling, I figured sex with her would be crazy, dangerous, and hot.

That day, she had on a blonde wig and a bikini that barely covered her large breasts and ample, muscular ass. Our mixed-martial-arts throw down was supposed to lead into a love scene, at which point the actors would pick up their roles. But that didn't stop us from enacting a very steamy scene of our own. When the director yelled cut, the rest of the crew quickly dispersed to the craft-services table, but I stayed behind with her, keeping her pinned under me and unable to move. We were both bathed in sweat, dirty, bruised, and banged up.

"Get the fuck off me," she said in a not-so-ladylike fashion.

"Not yet," I whispered. "I want you. Now."

"Let me shower first," she begged, trying to squirm out from under me.

"No," I insisted, pushing my erection into her side. "I want to know what you really taste like."

I pulled her panties to the side and started fucking her with my fingers. Immediately, she moaned with pleasure. When I stopped to lick my fingers, she tasted just as sweaty and sexy as I'd imagined.

She pulled me back with a ferocity I'd never seen in her.

"I need you to fuck me," she practically growled. I easily slid my cock into her warm, wet hole. She surprised me by reaching around and putting a finger in my ass. It's not something I'm normally into, but the thrill of possibly being caught combined with the novelty of the moment made it really explosive for me. After we came, we quickly pulled ourselves together for the next scene, with no one the wiser.



One of the most fun things I've gotten to do is attend a movie premiere for a film I worked on. Of course, I wasn't walking the red carpet or anything, but I did get the VIP treatment—including the attention of two incredibly hot sisters who were fans of the film franchise. When they found out I had done some of the most dangerous stunts in the film—including a 100-foot free fall—they told me what hotel they were staying at and invited me to join them there for a private "after-party."

When I got to their room later that night, they immediately pushed me onto the bed and stripped off my clothes. While the younger of the two focused her attention on my cock, stroking and sucking me, the married sister straddled my face, giving me a taste of her pussy, which I ate with pleasure. The girls took turns riding me that night, and when I was finally ready to explode, they both knelt in front of me, ready to take my full load on their faces. The memory of the two of them with my come dripping from their mouths and cheeks is a constant reminder of why I beat up my body to do this crazy job. **OTM**

**Her next message—"I'm thinking about you grabbing me by the hair and fucking my mouth. Would you do that to me?"—had me close to coming. Then she stepped into my trailer and locked the door.**



# A Modern Renaissance Man

Filmmaker Robert Rodriguez has done pretty much every job there is on a movie set, including cook (seriously). Can he also make it as a TV mogul?

Interview by Craig Modderno

**I**n 1992, San Antonio native and University of Texas at Austin student Robert Rodriguez went to the Sundance Film Festival with *El Mariachi*, a movie he's claimed to have partially financed by earning \$3,000 for being "sequestered at a drug-research facility as a paid subject in a clinical experiment." The film about a guitarist turned gunslinger won the coveted Audience Award, and a legend was born.

Three years later, the *El Mariachi* quasi-remake/sequel *Desperado* launched the American careers of stars Antonio Banderas and Salma Hayek, and the influence Rodriguez would have on the film industry became evident.

Now the 46-year-old Austin-based Rodriguez, who proudly goes by the nickname "the Wizard," has his own cable channel, El Rey Network, which airs Rodriguez's films, from the *Spy Kids* family films to the ultraviolent *Machete* pictures. El Rey will also be airing a second season of *From Dusk Till Dawn: The Series*, based on Rodriguez's movie of the same name, plus the first season of the new original action series *Matador*. Rodriguez is not deserting the big screen, however. A sequel of sorts to his grisly film of graphic artist Frank Miller's *Sin City*, *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For* hits theaters in late August.





**Is your film a sequel to 2005's *Sin City*?**

[Laughs] I'm not sure. Both films are out of sequence. Mickey Rourke, who died in *Sin City*, is alive in this one, for example. The stories are written out of sequence, and the first film jumps around a lot. This is either a prequel or a sequel, but everyone—including myself—brought their A game to the project. The new green-screen stuff is quite amazing.

**How does the Hollywood community regard you?**

I don't know; I live and work so far away. They allowed me to keep making movies at Austin University after *El Mariachi*. When you live outside the box, you think outside the box. I think I'm outside in terms of how the Hollywood power structure sees me.

**How close have you come to directing a Hollywood studio film?**

I was going to do *John Carter of Mars*, but I know they offered that to a lot of people. [Editor's note: *John Carter* was directed by Andrew Stanton and failed at the box office two years ago.] All the scripts I got sent to me needed a lot of work, and then I dropped out of the Director's Guild of America, which made it harder, I guess, for the studios to employ me. But I remember George Lucas saying that one of the reasons he made *Star Wars* was because he couldn't get the rights to remake *Flash Gordon*. Most of the films I make seem to fall out of how the DGA allows their members to make movies.

**What was the worst meeting about a potential film that you ever took?**

[Laughs] Mostly any Hollywood studio film that the powers that be ever wanted me to do. I remember talking about a film on the Backstreet

Boys that a studio offered me a lot of money to do, but that's all I remember about the project. I liked the band but I didn't think it was the time or right to do another take on *A Hard Day's Night*, if you know what I mean. But Hollywood per se is not as hostile as they seem. The studios just want or seem to need to make money, so they constantly try to capture on film whatever parts of the contemporary culture people are buying.

**What are some films you've seen that you now consider a guilty pleasure?**

I grew up on the famous MGM musicals like *Singin' in the Rain* and *Meet Me in St. Louis*. My parents loved those happy, upbeat films. I also liked the Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine ballet picture *The Turning Point*. I loved *What's Up, Doc?*, the Barbra Streisand comedy that Buck Henry wrote. I think Mr. Henry, who also acts in and cowrote *The Graduate* and codirected *Heaven Can Wait*, is an extremely funny man. As a little kid I also loved *Hello, Dolly!* Back then I thought Barbra Streisand was the bomb. Like most young kids growing up, I was initially drawn to what my parents allowed me to see and what was popular at the time.

**Do you direct stars like Bruce Willis and Sylvester Stallone differently than you do other actors?**

With Bruce, we just clicked right away. Sly has always been my role model. I try to create an environment that encourages freedom of expression on the set. I encourage the actors to do a painting of their characters. Everyone comes to the set and their work with different styles, how they like to do their job. I try to tell and show my actors that I'm open to any form of expression that they are.

**During the making of *The Expend-***

**ables 3, Stallone allegedly fired Willis for being "greedy," among other things. Do you have any insight into what happened?**

I don't know what that was all about. I can only speculate that Bruce wasn't jazzed about the material and Sly had personal or business issues with him. It's hard for a director and/or a big star to make a film unless they have a real connection to their peers. Both the director and the star have to pay close attention to the material and any changes on the set. You can't knock out action and pages of dialogue easily just because a certain method worked for you before. For example, I find actors are always changing their style working with green screens, since that technology is always changing and improving. But most of the time, when you hear the term "creative differences," it means there was an intense clash of egos on the set.

**You were seduced by the filmmaking process upon seeing, at 12 years old, the John Carpenter film *Escape From New York*. Can you pinpoint exactly what happened?**

Everyone seemed to be having fun on this weird, low-rent, futuristic set. In later viewings, it appeared that Kurt Russell was doing an excellent Clint Eastwood impersonation, Lee Van Cleef was doing a riff on his role in the legendary film *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, and screen legend Ernest Borgnine appeared to be having the time of his life. You could tell that Carpenter, who also did the music on the film, was having the time of his life on the set. I later made my own Claymation version of the picture with my high school drama club.

When you look at the work Carpenter's done through the years, he should be high on the list for every aspiring filmmaker to study. When we did the interview on my show *The Director's Chair*, I discovered Carpenter was really a cool guy who truly loves film, which is not as easy to find in this business as one would hope.

**On the unrated DVD of *Planet Terror*, there seem to be more additional graphically violent scenes than any added sex scenes. Why?**

It was just a marketing ploy. It wasn't more violent than the original release. It just contained scenes that were deleted and originally ended up on the cutting-room floor.

**Are you uncomfortable directing erotic or romantic scenes?**

Paul Verhoeven, who directed *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls*, told me he directed sex scenes as if they were action scenes. The key thing, he said, is don't throw people on the ground. When it comes to directing the type of scenes you just mentioned, I just do my own thing.

**Do you feel you sometimes go over-the-top in directing scenes of violence, as critics of your work have claimed?**

I usually do it on purpose. You cross that line in the sand early on in your career and then you carry on. If you don't cross that line, then you'd better be capable of creating tension like Alfred Hitchcock. I would have loved to ask him how he did that so often and so successfully.

**You directed George Clooney in your vampire film *From Dusk Till Dawn*, which earned him strong reviews. Why do you think he didn't do more action movies after that?**

I don't know. I do know he liked making my film. At one point we were going to do *Out of Sight*, but the script I got wasn't very good. And George and I wanted to do *The Wild Wild West*, which would have been a perfect leading role for him, in the spirit of Robert Conrad on the television series. Again, the script we both got needed so much work that you wondered if anyone involved in the final product ever saw the show!

**What inspired you to create *El Rey Network* for cable?**

There were a number of reasons. First and foremost, I knew that my five kids—English-speaking Hispanic-Americans—didn't see themselves represented on television, so this was a chance to reach what had been an underserved audience. I saw *El Rey Network* as an opportunity to step out and do something different, to build something from the ground up that delivered iconic, visceral content and focused on great storytelling. I had accomplished that goal with my work in film; *Desperado*, *Sin City*, and *Spy Kids* were all highly entertaining films that featured a diverse cast but attracted a broad mainstream audience—and that's because our focus was on being entertaining. I wanted to do that in the TV space as well. The research showed us that there were about 110 English-



language networks on television—ten of those targeted African-Americans; two were actually dog channels—but there was nothing that addressed the fastest-growing segment of the population, and it felt like the right time to jump in.

**Do you have a specific audience in mind for your network?**

Our target audience is men 18 to 49, but what's more important to me is to have the face of the network better reflect the changing face of our country. We are most definitely the people's network.

**Do you think you'll have time to be a full-time filmmaker and run your network?**

When we launched the network in December, I already had a full-time career as a filmmaker, but I found the time to direct four episodes of our first original show, *From Dusk Till Dawn: The Series*, which rolled out in March. I also just finished directing the first episode of our next scripted series, *Matador*, which premiered July 15, and I have *Sin City 2* hitting theaters on August 22. To me it's not work, it's play, so being busy is fun for me.

**Do you intend to use your popularity with Latinos on important issues for them, like the immigration bill that appears hopelessly stalled in Congress?**

No comment.

**You've had Quentin Tarantino listed as a "special guest director" on a few**


**of your films. What does that mean?**

It means when I left the DGA and Quentin was already out of it, we were friends and wanted to work together. I did the music for *Kill Bill 2*, and then he came on board on *Sin City*, directing the scenes with Clive Owen. We didn't do it to piss off the DGA. We worked together to have fun and spend more time together.

**What do you admire or envy about his talent?**

If for some insane reason I ever got into a movie-trivia contest with Martin Scorsese, then having Quentin as my coach would give me my only real chance to win [laughs]. As a person, I'm amazed that Quentin and I have been friends for so long. As a fan of his work, I'm constantly asking myself how he just did what I saw on the screen. I've known him for so long, but I'm still in awe of his work and talent. It's like being around Clark Kent before he becomes Superman, or the Lone Ranger before he puts on the mask. I think that's one of the many reasons Quentin is successful: He can relate to and create things for all kinds of people.

**What one thing do you not want to hear from an actor?**

[After pondering for a moment] When they stand their ground and say, "I don't know how to do that." Just show me anything, any idea that you have, and then let's work together to come up with something creative. 

From left to right: Frank Miller, Rodriguez, and Mickey Rourke on-set in front of the green screen for *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) JANE JOHANSSON/CORBIS

"I usually I go over-the-top with violent scenes I on purpose. If you don't [show violence], you'd better be capable of creating tension like Alfred Hitchcock."





# cabin fever

Things have been heating up between Lola and Bella for weeks now, and the temperature rises to new heights as they travel to their weekend hideaway. As soon as the beauties have their supplies through the door, they shed their clothes—and all their inhibitions. This secluded cabin is the perfect spot for hours of uninterrupted erotic exploration.

Photographs by Davide Esposito















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## CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



# PSA Screening

*I'm a healthy 35-year-old guy with a family history of prostate cancer. Am I too young to get a PSA test?*

Yes, you're way too young to even consider having this test—but old enough, apparently, to know what it is. For those whose brows are still unfurrowed by the specter of prostate cancer, here are the basic facts: About one in six men will be diagnosed with prostate cancer in their lifetime. It's rarely seen in men younger than 50, and it rarely kills men younger than 60. Overall, about three percent of men die from it, but the majority of those are 75 or older. African-American men and men with a family history of prostate cancer have a higher risk of getting the disease and dying from it.

The PSA test measures the amount of "prostate-specific antigen" in the blood. A higher PSA level can be a sign of prostate cancer. Until just a couple of years ago, many medical experts urged all men to get screened for prostate cancer by having a PSA test every year starting at age 50, or age 40 to 45 for African-Americans and those with a father, brother, or son who'd had prostate cancer.

Starting in the mid-nineties, millions of men followed this advice and got yearly PSA tests. But widespread PSA testing appears to have done more harm than good and has lately

been un-recommended. The point of routine PSA screening was that, hopefully, it would save lives by giving doctors the ability to find and treat prostate cancer early. Before PSA, the only way to screen men for prostate cancer was the old-fashioned "digital rectal exam" (DRE)—that is, a finger up the butt. A doctor performs a DRE by inserting a gloved finger into the rectum and feeling the prostate gland. An enlarged prostate, a lump, or an unusually hard or soft spot can indicate a possible tumor. High PSA levels in the blood can identify a tumor earlier, before a doctor would

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[illegible]

In 2012, the U.S. Preventive Services Task Force, an expert panel that sets national policies on such things

# GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

Satire by Eric Jay Decetis

Man invents the lighter.



The discoverer of fire meets the discoverer of the fire alarm.



The discoverer of fire  
meets the discoverer of flatulence.





# PROBLEM STUDENT

ART BY JASON JOHNSON  
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

I knew I was in trouble the first time I saw my physics instructor—a stunning, petite grad student with blonde hair, ripe tits, and a perfectly shaped ass. After class, I made plans with her to tutor me that evening at her home.

Karen quickly guessed that I didn't really need a physics tutor. She pulled me close and sucked my lips, then my tongue, into her mouth.

At 7:00 sharp, I rang her bell. When she answered, I followed her lovely ass inside.

I wasn't without experience. I'd had a fling with my buddy's older sister. She'd turned out to be a good fuck, anytime, anywhere.

Determined to make the evening special for Karen, I planted soft, wet kisses over every inch of her neck.

When I opened her blouse and saw her hard nipples, I just had to flick my tongue over those rosy buds.

After I'd done justice to Karen's breasts, she stripped down to her panties. The lust in her eyes told me I hadn't disappointed her so far.

Let's get comfortable.

I stripped off my clothes, and Karen pushed me down on the bed.

Then she played with my cock before pulling off my shorts.

She teased my nipples, then kissed her way down.

She sucked my entire length into her mouth. But after just a few minutes, I had to stop her.





I thrust in and out of her as fast as I could. She screamed and bucked her hips wildly before finally shuddering in pleasure. I was only seconds behind, blasting a stream of come deep inside her.





# SHOT SPOT

Our reporter had been to plenty of sex parties before, but they'd left him unexpectedly cold. All that changed when he discovered New York City's Behind Closed Doors.

By Grant Stoddard • Illustrations by Jason Raish

I press the buzzer marked "4." My date, K—extremely beautiful, petite, and looking about a decade younger than her 26 years—glances up at me and giggles like a tickled child. "Password?" says a man's voice, as K and I vulnerably peer into the video intercom. "Genie," I say. (Though I'm tempted to say, "Fidello," à la *Eyes Wide Shut*.) There's a brief pause, then a buzz. We enter the building's tiny lobby, turn a corner, and join a group of six well-dressed and expensively cologned men and women as they wait for the doors of America's smallest elevator to open.

"We can take the next one," I say as they all struggle to squeeze in.

"No, there's room," says one woman. "Come on in!"

We jostle into position and I go to hit the button for the fourth floor, but it's already lit.

"Looks like we're all going to the same place," says a man's voice, his hot breath on the nape of my neck. The ramifications of his observation

aren't lost on K, who, unlike everyone else, is facing into the elevator.

Her upturned, almond-shaped eyes sweep over the six unfamiliar faces in the tiny box, fix back on mine, and then widen dramatically, comically.

"Oh, boy," she says with another giggle, as our ascent slows and we begin to hear what's being billed as Manhattan's premier sex party—a gathering that's supposedly counted A-list celebrities among its guests. The elevator doors open, and the passengers are greeted by the spectacle of a slick penis being fed

into a taut, round butt on a screen in the entryway.

"Names, please," says a guy with a clipboard, vying for our extremely divided attention. I manage to remember, then state, our names, and we're ushered into what looks like a well-to-do bachelor pad.

"Welcome to Behind Closed Doors!" says an attractive woman holding a wooden bowl of large red grapes. She pops one into K's mouth and another one into mine.

K, who I've been dating for the past several months, heads to the coat check, sheds some of her outerwear, and reemerges looking good enough to eat. She's wearing a black tuxedo-inspired, deep-plunging playsuit, a chunky diamond choker, and heels.





She looks incredible and I tell her so. Her reaction suggests that she agrees. K is a smart, confident grad student from California who's packing a lifetime's worth of experiences into her two-year stint in New York—experiences like this one.

We wade into an attractively lit, rectangular loft space of some 2,000 square feet. There's a pool table at one end, a blackjack table at the other, and various styles of lounge-y seating in between. On the exposed-brick wall hang two flat-screen TVs that are playing porn—the only indication that this isn't just a lively gathering of thirtysomething professionals.

There are around 60 or 70 such people in the place, slightly more women than men. It's roomier than our elevator ride was, but not by much. "How is everyone going to get it on in here?" asks K, as we thread our bodies through the throng on the way to the cash bar.

"Good question," I say, looking around in vain for evidence of a second room.

As per the hosts' assurances, the crowd is good-looking and in shape. The women are dressed up, but no more provocatively than at, say, a law firm's staff holiday party. That stands to reason as, according to the party's website, a third of the guests are lawyers of some description. Most women are wearing cocktail dresses and heels. Almost all of the gents, myself included, are wearing open-necked shirts, blazers, jeans, and wing tips. In fact, I spot at least three guys sporting the same blue-and-white gingham oxford shirt as me.

The second clue that this party is going to be a little different is the topless bartender. Slightly unsure of where to focus my gaze, I order two glasses of Chardonnay, then feel a tap on my shoulder.

"Grant?" says a pretty twenty-something woman, offering a hand for me to shake. It's Jasmine, the party's organizer. An attorney by day, Jasmine emailed me a while back with an invitation to this event. We've also spoken on the phone. "So glad you could make it ... we missed you at Swing School."

Swing School is a group orientation for those who've never attended a

sex party before. It takes place before the party proper gets under way, and Jasmine had strongly encouraged K and me to come early and check it out. "Swing School is something that makes Behind Closed Doors unique among all other sex parties," she'd said. "Plus, it's a great way to meet and interact with other people before the action gets going."

Unfortunately, my playmate's subway had been rerouted, and by the time we eventually connected, the raunchy meet-and-greet had al-

ready begun. Rather than rudely barrel in part way through, we decided to drop into a bar and grab a drink instead. I've been to several such parties in my career as a gonzo sex writer, and decided that I'd be able to bring my date up to speed over a fortifying cocktail.

Furthermore, K's not a total

newbie to this sort of thing. She'd accompanied me to a newly opened sex club two months earlier on a magazine assignment. Sadly, the experience was nothing short of harrowing. The club was virtually empty save for a few sullen, chubby, and lecherous men. She and I had remained fully clothed, totally turned-off, and my review was wholly negative. After reading my disappointed dispatch, Jasmine felt compelled to write me and invite me along to Behind Closed Doors, which, in contrast to the club we'd visited, employed a strict screening policy, as elucidated on its website: "To retain the elite credentials of our party membership base, we are not ashamed to discriminate on age, looks, or charisma."

This difference was instrumental in K's decision to give a swing club a second chance. Even though the host personally invited us, my date and I had to submit a picture and fill out a questionnaire, and we experienced a sense of relief when we were deemed attractive enough to attend.

"Ours is a sex party full of people you'd actually want to have sex with," Jasmine had said on the phone, and looking around now, I see her assessment is accurate.

"Does the action take place just

"Hey, nice shirt!" I say to the tall, clean-cut guy. It's a flimsy but convenient excuse to get talking with him and his girl.

"Hal Yeah, you too!" he replies.

Ice sufficiently broken, we introduce ourselves and all shake hands.

"Have you been to this party before?" I ask.

"First time," he says, and explains that he found it by poking around on the internet.

I'm about to intensify my line of inquiry when Jasmine's husband and party cohost Rocco announces the arrival of the evening's entertainment.

As advertised, the party's theme is Arabian Nights. At Rocco's cue, Middle Eastern music starts to play and a belly dancer saunters out of the play area. Balanced on her head is a tray of lit candles. As she begins her performance, my date and all the other women in the room are handed coin skirts. The crowd claps and cheers as the belly dancer winds her body while the candles barely flicker.

As we watch the dance, I can't help noticing that a blonde woman across the room has her eyes fixed on my date and me. The woman—who is sitting on a man's lap—pulls up her short white dress and spreads her legs enough to reveal that she's not

joining in the belly-dancing lesson is already practically naked, wearing the scantiest of string bottoms. "That's Sarah," says Jasmine as she walks by. "She's at all of our parties and always gets things started."

The dancing lesson ends and the crowd cheers the participants' pluck. Everyone in the room—which is now heaving with revelers—goes back to their conversations. I look for the couple my date showed an interest in, but they're at the bar.

"I noticed that the two people you liked are women," I say to K, who, while having hooked up with a girl or two before, identifies as straight.

"Yeah," she says. "These dudes are a little too corporate for my taste. Some of them look like they'd be a little ... douchey."

Together, we sip our drinks by the pool table, where four women are playing a doubles game.

"When do you think things are going to start?" asks K after a while. "It's already 11:30."

I see her point. At \$245 per couple (\$85 for a single woman), there would seem to be a financial incentive to not stand on ceremony.

"How's it going?" says a well-put-together guy who'd sauntered up holding his sophisticated-looking date's hand. I recognize them from the

**"OURS IS A SEX PARTY FULL OF PEOPLE YOU'D ACTUALLY WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH," JASMINE HAD SAID ON THE PHONE, AND LOOKING AROUND, I SEE HER ASSESSMENT IS ACCURATE.**

... everywhere?" I ask Jasmine as we're handed our drinks by the bare-chested bartender.

"It can, and does," she says. "But it mostly happens in the play area."

Jasmine points to a section of the loft that's divided from the main space by a wall made of angled wooden slats. Then she scurries off, saying she has to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

"See anyone you like?" I ask K, who's scanning the room.

"Yeah, I like that girl," she says, nodding toward a bookish and bespectacled woman with a killer figure. "And her," she says, referring to a tall, slender, and pretty Asian woman who's accompanied by one of the three guys wearing the same shirt as me. I take it as a sign.

wearing underwear.

"Is that lady flashing her cooch at us?" asks K.

"Looks like it," I say.

"Oh, my God!" she says, giggling.

After about five minutes of traditional dancing and nontraditional flashing, the dancer invites the women in the room to put on their coin skirts and take part in a belly-dancing lesson.

"You want to join in?" I ask my tiny consort.

She arches an eyebrow. "Um ... no thanks."

One of the seven or eight women

elevator. Eric says he's a commercial real estate agent, his wife Charlotte is in fashion, and they've been to plenty of BCD parties. We talk for around 15 minutes, most of that time gabbing about what we do for work.

"When do things get started around here?" I ask them, finally addressing the elephant in the room.

"I think they already have," says Eric, and gestures to the walled-off area at the front of the loft. The four of us walk over and peer through the gaps in the slats. There are three queen-size beds and a futon, each piece of furniture scattered with a handful of condoms. On one of the beds are Sarah, the party starter, and a man who turns out to be her main squeeze. She's sucking his cock with fervor, living up to her reputation as





the bringer-on of merriment.

The four of us idly hang around the threshold of the play area, chatting and occasionally peeping in to get a sense of the exhibitionistic couple's progress. (Sarah's now straddling her man with her back to us.) Another couple squeezes by us and takes the futon at the end of the play area. Within seconds, they're naked and he's going down on her. I try to think of something to say to our new friends, but as I turn my head, I see that Charlotte is leading Eric over to the third bed.

"Looks like it's happening," I say to K as more looky-loos crowd around behind us. "Wanna do this?"

Though I'm interested in what's going on around me, I have to admit that I'm not finding the scene especially sexy. That's always been the case when I've attended sex parties. I've usually been able to muscle through them, but, strangely, I've never been as turned-on as I am by watching pornographic film scenes of group sex like the one playing out

I unzip K from her little one-piece and slide it down her legs. She steps out of it. All made up and in just her heels and choker, she's a sight to behold, especially when she gets down on her haunches and puts her generously proportioned lips around my semi-erect penis. We're on the other side of the slatted wall, and I can see several pairs of eyes trained on what she's doing. Unlike the handful of parties I've been to before, I realize that I'm starting to feel legitimately turned-on and not having to concentrate to stay in the game. Within a few seconds, I have an erection you could hammer nails with.

I stand K up to her full 4 feet, 11 inches, spin her around so she's facing the wall, and bury my face in her pert backside. Though in this configuration my senses are compromised, I get the strong feeling that more people are filling the room behind us. I stand up and start fucking my date from behind, her palms flat against the wall. I notice that there are fewer eyes looking at us through the slatted

from the neck up, she has a toned and slender body with large, perky breasts and an ass like a peach. She's on her knees, in front of her guy, but her eyes are locked on us, which I find incredibly hot. I also find myself thinking about her coworkers' probable ignorance of the Librarian's lewd nocturnal proclivities.

Though a few single females have joined in with couples, it seems that there's not that much actual "swinging" going on, as far as either of us can tell. By and large, couples seem content to have sex in the company of other couples having sex. That's not too surprising. Major studies cite that between 54 percent and 88 percent of people fantasize about watching others have sex, while 40 to 42 percent fantasize about being watched by others. That said, I was getting a hankering to mix things up a little.

"Do you want me to try to hook us up with some other people?"

"Nah, I'm good for now," K says. "Let's just watch."

## SHE'S ON HER KNEES IN FRONT OF HER GUY, BUT HER EYES ARE LOCKED ON US, WHICH I FIND INCREDIBLY HOT.

live, right in front of me. I'd always thought my relative disinterest was due to the scant attractiveness or abundant corniness of my previous fellow guests, but here, in a room full of attractive, seemingly self-aware people, I find myself equally unmoved. Generally, sex is something that happens organically between two people, and sexiness is something that's hard to make happen in a loft with a bunch of strangers, no matter what they look like. It seems that my accomplice feels similarly.

But she's prepared to give it a shot: "Okay, let's do it," she says dispassionately.

We shuffle into the room holding hands. I make for the one unoccupied bed, but immediately 95 pounds of fierce resistance is on my arm. "Not on the bed," says K, wrinkling her nose. She leads me over to a corner.

There's nowhere to put our clothes, so I let mine fall in a pile at my feet.

room divider. I look over my shoulder and realize that almost all of the party guests have joined us in the play area, which is now a mass of gyrating bodies. I change our position so that we can carry on doing our thing while taking in the Caligulan scene.

On the far side of the room, Charlotte is riding Eric. The pussy-flasher's ankles are up around her ears and she's being noisily drilled. On the beds next to us are two tan, porn-star-looking girls, having their toes sucked by a third woman who is playing with herself with her free hand. A brawny, shaven-headed dude joins their group. Just a few feet away from us are the pretty Asian woman K liked and her boyfriend. They're not fucking yet, but stand making out in their underwear. After five more minutes in the playroom, it becomes so packed that we're both making incidental contact with several other bodies as we get it on.

One of those bodies belongs to the other woman K had noticed earlier, the one we've been referring to as "the Librarian" all night. Bookish

Unlike every other party of this ilk that I've turned up at, I find that I am incredibly, wholeheartedly, unreservedly turned-on.

Sadly though, after about ten minutes, my date's enjoyment seems to have waned.

"I need a break," she announces.

We stop what we're doing, slowly wade out of the sea of bodies, and tiptoe naked into the comparatively empty main room. Though most of the 25 or so people in this area are clothed, chatting and sipping drinks, sex has sporadically broken out in here, too. There's one girl-girl-boy threesome taking place on the couches, and another on an extra mattress that's materialized. Fully involved in one of those threesomes are hosts Jasmine and Rocco.

"It's good to see them enjoying their own party," observes K.

The woman who greeted us with grapes walks by and casts her eyes

over our naked bodies. Whether it's sincere or practiced, she shoots us a lascivious glance. There's nothing like being naked under the gaze of clothed people to make you feel ... more naked.

I want to experience being watched again.

Obligingly, K bends over the pool table, her fingers spread wide on the green baize. I grab her tiny waist and relish the feeling of being a spectacle: K's pretty face and hot body draw looks from every corner of the room. But again, I find that I'm enjoying myself more than my companion is.

"I want to get dressed now," says K after a few minutes.

"Really?" I ask. "You're done?"

"I'm hungry," she replies. "Plus, I'm not really turned-on."

Well, there's no coming back from that. We wend our way back through the scrum of naked bodies in the play area until we find our pile of clothes, now part of a much larger heap of jeans, dresses, and shirts. Still sporting a steely erection, I'm down on my hands and knees, using the display on my phone to see what I'm doing.

Amazingly, we recover everything we'd discarded.

We walk back into the main room and up to the bar, where a few nibbles remain. Tellingly, K seems more excited by the cheddar cubes and Ritz crackers than anything else on offer tonight.

"I haven't had a Ritz cracker in years!" she says with ebullience, and pops another into her pretty mouth. "Sooo good!"

Whatever Jasmine, Rocco, and their friend were up to on the mattress, it's resulted in a mess on the floor. Ever the consummate hostess, Jasmine gets up, buck naked, and swabs the mess with a paper towel as K and I watch.

"Wanna get out of here?" K finally asks. It's close to 1 A.M. "Koreatown?"

"Sure," I reply, remembering that we'd agreed to a late dinner at a 24-hour Korean barbecue joint nearby.

After collecting K's remaining

clothes from the coat check, we call the elevator. Still naked, Jasmine rushes up to us, gives us both a hug, and thanks us for coming.

"You guys looked so hot in action!" she says. "We've had writers come to parties before, but we've never had one participate while on assignment. You looked like you were really enjoying yourself!"

Though K was ultimately less enthused, my experience at Behind Closed Doors was a positive one. I realized that I can actually enjoy myself and ably perform at a sex party. It certainly helped that the crowd was in shape, attractive, and civil, but the real breakthrough happened in my own head. See, I've always believed that organized sexy times are somewhat of an oxymoron, but this experience showed me that if I can get through the first few minutes of awkwardness and self-consciousness and allow myself to get lost in the moment, I have what it takes to swing with the best of them.

The only challenge now will be to get my date into the same mind-set. **OF**





# in the spotlight



Alexis Adams, a 21-year-old adult performer from Florida, is a perfect fit for this back-to-school issue. The 36-24-36 blonde was a cheerleader for eight years. Who wouldn't want to tumble this sultry beauty?

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





"I like dating guys who are a bit older than me. They're more accepting of my career as a porn star, and they've got their shit together."







"The most remarkable sexual experience I've had was when I came through anal sex. That was the best feeling I've ever had."



"I once fucked a guy in a convenience-store bathroom. The location was *ick*, but the sex was hot. And it was fun getting away with it!"







"My astrological sign is Scorpio, and they're supposed to be the best in bed. I think it absolutely fits me!"

SEE MORE OF ALEXIS AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



## Ride Sharing

Before going home for the holiday weekend, I'd promised my roommate Rick that if he picked me up from the airport in the middle of the night, I'd give him road head on the drive home. In all honesty, I hadn't planned on delivering on that, but when he pulled up and got out of the car to help me with my bag, I changed my mind. He was wearing lightweight sweats that hung low on his hips and a T-shirt, and his hair would've looked like artfully styled bedhead if I didn't know it was actual bedhead. It was four in the morning, after all, and I knew I'd woken him up when I called to say we'd landed on time. And even though I'd seen him like that hundreds of times before, he suddenly looked incredibly sexy.

Once he had the car on the road, I reached over and tried to get my hand in his pants. "What the hell are you doing?" he asked. "You know I wasn't serious about that, right?"

"But I am," I replied, as I stroked his dick.

Keeping one hand on the wheel, he pushed me away and told me to stay on my side of the car. I did, but only because instead of staying on the highway that led back to our off-campus apartment, he pulled off at the next exit. He drove to an empty parking lot, put the car in park, and reached across me to open my door. "Backseat," he ordered as he opened his own door and got out of the car.

We scrambled into the much-roomier backseat and, this time, Rick guided my hand to his dick. I reached into his sweats again, and when he was fully erect, I leaned over so I could lube it up with my saliva. Back here, there was plenty of room to bob my head up and down, and I could use my hands to fondle his balls while I blew him.

Rick spread his legs wide to give me more space, then reached over to fondle my breasts. I was wearing a loose T-shirt—one of Rick's, actually—which made it easy for him to push his hand down the back of the neck to unhook my bra. Once my tits were free, he pulled the shirt up enough so he could see them, then caressed them and tugged at my nipples.

When I tasted the first drops of pre-come on my tongue, I quickly shed my pants and climbed onto Rick's lap. I sank down on his shaft in one easy move and slid slowly up and down,



**In the backseat, there was room to bob my head up and down, and I could fondle his balls. Rick spread his legs to give me more space.**

Every so often I'd see the lights of other cars on the road behind us, and the thought that one of those drivers could pull into the parking lot and catch us turned me on so much that it didn't take long to get off. I rode Rick harder and faster, and a few frenzied minutes later, I felt my pussy spasm on his cock, and then I came as he fired off a load into my cunt.

We took a minute to catch our breath, then straightened our clothes and returned to our seats so we could finish the trip home. Back at our apartment, Rick carried my bag inside and dropped it in my bedroom before heading across the hall to his. As his door swung closed, I called out, "Thanks for the ride!" My own door was halfway closed when he responded with, "Any time." I definitely plan to take him up on that. —J.G., California

## Sorority Party

When I was pledging my sorority, the sisters kept talking about the importance of female bonding and how much we would grow as women, but I had no idea I would end up getting quite as close with a couple of them as I have, or grow as a woman by discovering that I'm bisexual. I thought it would be slumber parties with the girls and mixers with the hot guys in our brother fraternity, and maybe cram sessions before finals. Well, I got all that and more.

During one of my first days of living in the sorority house, I walked in on my new sisters Sam and Janette hooking up. It was the last thing I'd expected to find, though I guess it shouldn't have been. I know plenty of my guy friends assume that that's

what sorority girls do when no one's looking, but I'd thought it was just a male fantasy. Clearly, the guys were onto something.

Seeing Sam and Janette together was an incredible turn-on, and even though I knew I should walk right back out the door and give them their privacy, I stood quietly transfixed in the doorway and watched them for a few minutes. By the time I snuck back to my room, I was unbelievably horny, and I had to masturbate before I could do anything else.

A few days later, the two of them approached me and told me that Sam had spotted me watching them, and they'd decided that it was time to mix things up a bit. They wanted to turn their tantalizing twosome into a threesome. Considering how turned-on I got just by thinking of them together, I would've been a fool to turn them down.

I was nervous the first time the three of us got together for a "date." I'd never been with a girl, and they already had an established relationship. It was intimidating as fuck. We met in Sam's room on Friday night, after celebrating the end of midterms with everyone else at the local bar.

Things started as if I'd actually walked in like last time, with Sam and Janette sharing a hot kiss and me going over to join in. For a brief moment, we all took part in a hot but awkward triple kiss, then split so I could kiss Sam. She had soft lips and a firm, confident tongue, and she tasted like strawberry lip gloss. We kissed

long enough to lose our breath, and when we separated, Janette grabbed me and turned me toward her for another lip-lock. Her kiss was forceful, and she pulled my body flush against hers, our breasts mashing together and our hips colliding. It was hot!

Sam joined in again, groping us both and undressing us as we kissed. When she had us both down to our underwear, we broke apart and turned our attention to her. Janette and I began stripping her. While I unbuttoned her shirt, Janette worked on her pants, and we slowly peeled off her clothing until she was completely bare. I fondled her breasts before leaning down to suck on her nipples, taking first one and then the other into my mouth. Meanwhile, Janette was working on her below the belt, so to speak, kissing her thighs and working her way to Sam's pussy.

I knew the exact moment that Janette hit Sam's sweet spot, because Sam arched her back and grabbed my head, holding me tight to her left tit. I pulled harder on her nipple while Janette worked her magic on Sam's pussy, and in a few minutes, we had her moaning and screaming as she reached what sounded like an earth-shattering climax.

Once Sam calmed down, we moved to her bed, shedding our underwear and bras before climbing onto the mattress. Janette lay down and Sam moved between her thighs, while I straddled Janette's head so I could sit on her face. As Sam's tongue delved between her pussy lips, Janette's



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## She twisted and twirled her hips as she rode up and down on my shaft.

tongue slipped between mine. The way I was sitting, I could see Sam, and I admired the way she was eating Janette's pussy. I'd never watched someone eat pussy, so I leaned forward to get a better look. I stared at the spot where Sam's mouth met Janette's pussy, and it heightened the pleasure I was receiving from Janette's lips and tongue.

Both girls were obviously committed to excellence, and as I moaned from the overwhelming arousal I felt, so did Janette, the vibrations from her lips exciting me even more. Soon, the excitement became too much, and I closed my eyes to savor the feeling. I'd seen enough, though. Hell, I was already on the verge of an orgasm, and it had only been a few short minutes. As my pussy quivered and clenched, juices steadily running out, I listened to Sam coaxing Janette to her own climax. We were both so close that it didn't take much more to push us over the edge. My orgasm was absolutely explosive, and I groaned in ecstasy as Janette tongue-fucked me to completion through her own orgasm.

After we finished, the three of us lay side by side on the bed, our chests all sweaty and our thighs slick with come. By then, we heard the rest of our sorority sisters coming home, their footsteps growing closer and their voices louder as they came upstairs to go to their own bedrooms. Janette and I rolled off the bed and put our clothes back on.

The night may have been over, but it definitely wasn't the end of our hooking up. Until Sam and Janette graduated this past May, the three of us got together regularly for some girlie fun—and, oh, was it ever fun!—L.C., Pennsylvania

## Getting Down to Business

My principles of business professor was probably one of the worst profs I'd ever had—but damn, she was hot! I would've dropped the class if she weren't so fuckin' fine. By the end of the semester, though, I was worried about her final. Considering how little we'd learned from her all year, I wasn't sure how there could be an exam, though one was listed on the syllabus.

I went online to see what her previous students had written about her, and all the reviews said basically the same thing: that she'd give us the answers in the class before the final and all we had to do was memorize them.

I was about to close out of the website after getting the reassurance I needed that my GPA wasn't in danger, when a particular review halfway down the page caught my eye. According to the former student, the professor was willing to offer "extra assistance" to students who felt they needed it. It didn't come right out and say it, but it sounded an awful lot like the professor was willing to fuck around with students if she thought they needed to "relax more" to better absorb information.

Deciding to see how accurate the review was, I signed up for a meeting with the professor during her office hours the next day. If anything was going to happen, I figured I had a better shot if we were alone.

When I met with her the next afternoon, I told her I was nervous about the exam and was wondering if there was anything I could do to prepare.

"You look tense," she told me, sliding her glasses down her nose to get a better look at me. "You need to relax."



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## Kenny went balls-deep into me with one hard thrust, pushing my head onto Brendan's cock.

I was on the right track, it seemed. "Like, do yoga or some shit?" I asked, egging her on. "Or do you recommend something else?"

She got up from her seat and stood in front of the desk, getting closer to me. She looked me up and down, studying me, then reached out to feel my biceps. "A fit young man like you? No, I don't think yoga is right for you. I think you need to try something more physical."

"Any suggestions?" I asked, hoping she would make a move soon. I didn't want to be the one making any advances a week before finals.

"Hmmm," she said, looking me up and down once more. "I may be able to think of something." She pulled the clip out of her hair, letting it fall down around her shoulders, and popped a couple of buttons on her shirt. She took two steps, bringing her directly in front of me, then hiked up her skirt, straddled my chair, and sank down onto my lap. She ground against me, her hot center pressing against my cock through my khakis, and I instantly got hard. She must've felt it, too, because she smiled and then reached between us to undo my pants.

Since she'd already made her move—and a hell of a move it was—I was ready to take some action myself. While she pulled my dick out of my boxers and yanked her panties out of the way so she could ride my cock, I finished unbuttoning her blouse and unclasped her bra. Then I leaned forward and motorboated her large tits. I let those big, soft orbs smack my face as I shook my head between them, then I started sucking on her protruding nipples.

I'd just pulled a tit into my mouth when my cock brushed against her wet, hot cunt, and I bit down in excitement. She liked it, moaning loudly. A split second later, my dick slid inside her and her tight twat engulfed my shaft, making her moan even louder.

She didn't waste any time after that. She rode me like it was the last time she'd ever get fucked, and, shit, it felt good! She twisted and twirled her hips in circles and figure eights, rising up and down on my shaft, taking me down to the balls and then rising up until only the very tip was still inside her sweet slit. I'd never been with a

chick who put in so much effort.

I tried to pump my cock up into her, but she put her hands on my chest and pushed me back. "Oh no, let me," she gasped as she continued thrusting up and down. "You need to relax."

Awesome! I just sat back and enjoyed it while she did all the work. She went at it until I came, painting her pussy walls with my come. She wasn't far behind, and a few seconds later, I felt her cunt squeezing my cock as she climaxed.

When she was done, she climbed off me and fixed her clothes while I did the same. She went back behind her desk, opened a drawer in her filing cabinet, and pulled out a piece of paper, which she handed to me, saying, "A study guide for the final. But if you feel like you need more help, please feel free to make another appointment."

I made sure to do just that. I only got a B on the final, but I'd never been more relaxed. —P.S., Texas

### Two for One

My boyfriend Brendan's great, but when I went to his apartment and met his roommate, a buddy of

his from high school, I was blown away. If Brendan is a ten in the looks department, then Kenny is an 11.

He's every woman's wet dream, and that includes me. But I'm happy with Brendan, so I never intended to act on my lustful feelings.

A few weeks later, I stopped by to bring Brendan dinner. He wasn't home yet, but Kenny was, and as soon as he saw me, he turned on the charm. He complimented my looks and my outfit, and then took a taste of the lasagna I'd brought for Brendan. "Mmm," he said, "that's good, but there's something else I'd like to get a taste of." He looked me up and down as he said that, and I had no trouble understanding his insinuation. I had no intention of cheating—although his smoldering eyes were almost enough to lure me in—so I made a joke and laughed it off.

I sat down on the couch to watch TV while I waited for Brendan to get home, and a minute later, Kenny sat down next to me. For a little while, he just sat there quietly, watching the news with me, but during the next commercial break, he leaned over and put a hand on my leg and caressed my thigh—of course, Brendan chose that moment to walk in the door.

I heard him clear his throat, and I looked up to see him staring down at us. I panicked, and I had an apology on the tip of my tongue, but before I



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could spit it out, Brendan spoke up. "I was wondering when this would happen," he said. "Don't stop on my account."

I had no idea what to say to that, but Kenny simply saluted my boyfriend and kissed me. I started to pull away, but when I glanced over at Brendan, he was smiling and walking toward us. He sat down on the other side of me and pulled me toward him, turning my head away from Kenny and planting his lips on mine.

I went back and forth between the two of them for a while, kissing one and then the other until they worked together to undress me. When they got my blouse and bra off, Brendan sucked my left breast while Kenny took the right. They moved almost in sync, their tongues flicking my nipples with nearly the same rhythm, and their caresses moving over my body in similar patterns. I didn't know if they'd planned this, but I was pretty sure I wasn't the first girl to be lucky enough to find herself sandwiched between them.

When they had my clothes off, they stood up and stripped. I watched, mesmerized, as two handsome men exposed themselves to me. My eyes were drawn directly to their crotches, and while I knew what Brendan was packing, I was pleased to see that Kenny's seven-inch cock almost measured up. Too excited to be passive anymore, I motioned for the guys to move closer, then bent forward so I could take Kenny's cock into my mouth. I sucked his half-hard dick until he was fully erect, swirling my tongue around his entire length and groping his balls with my hand. Then, when he was rock-hard, I moved on to Brendan, licking and sucking his shaft until he, too, was fully erect.

Now hard and ready, the guys pulled me up off the couch and rearranged me. They put me on my hands and knees, with my head over the arm of the couch. Brendan moved in front of me, sliding his dick back into my mouth. I felt the couch dip as Kenny got behind me. Then he went balls-deep into me with one hard thrust, pushing my head onto Brendan's cock.

They stilled for a second, as Kenny grabbed my hips and Brendan put his hands on the sides of my head. Then they worked up a good, synchronized rhythm, with one pulling out as the other pushed in. I was in a state of constant excitement as they bucked their hips against me, fucking my pussy and mouth passionately. All I could do was rock back and forth between them, and the only thought in my head was how much I wanted to do this again—and we weren't even finished!

The three of us were moving together wildly when I felt Kenny's cock pulse inside me and then explode. A few moments later, my pussy milked his dick as I followed his orgasm with one of my own. Brendan's climax came only seconds after mine, his come shooting straight down my throat.

We all collapsed on the couch, and I finally got to ask what the hell was going on. "You didn't exactly hide your crush on Kenny," Brendan said, "so when I saw you together, I figured I'd give you both what you wanted—each other." It was the sweetest, sexiest thing anyone had ever done for me—until an hour later, when he watched Kenny fuck my face from between my legs as I rode his mouth and hands to another tremendous climax.—T.C., *New York*



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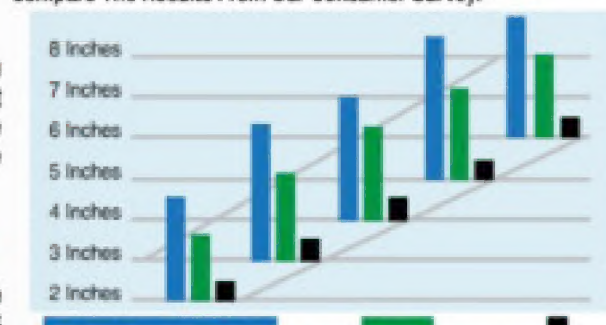


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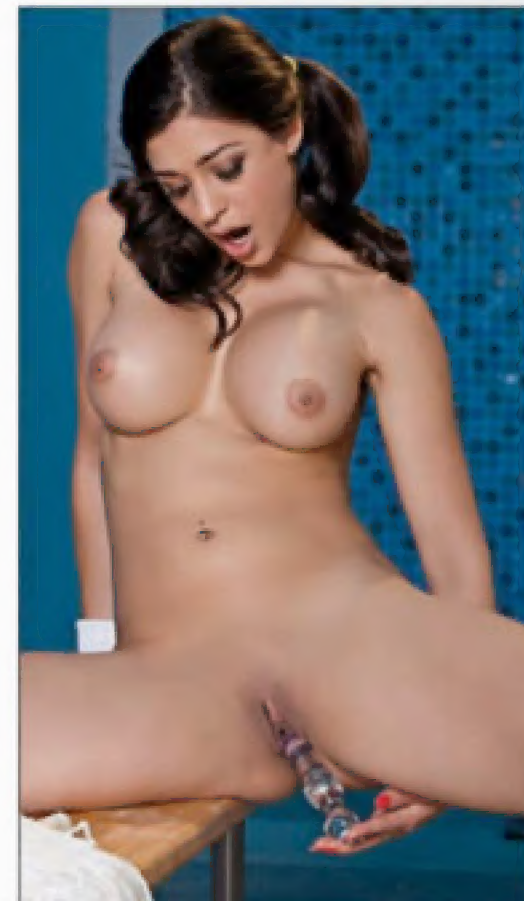
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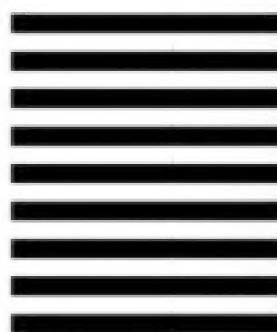
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